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Notes and Comments 1601
The Advance on Sophia. The Servians 1604
A Bold Project 1605
The Meeting of Parliament 1606
The Control of Egypt 1607
The Basis of the Porte's Circular 1608
The Victory and its Fruits..... 1609
An Irrepressible Army 1610
The Telephone 1611
The Frenchman in London 1612
Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by William Black.—Chapter LI..... 1613
Ihne's History of Rome 1616
Nathan the Wise 1617
Wilton of Cuthbert's 1618
The Wise Men of Greece,..... 1619
An Essay on By-Laws..... 1620
Ditu 1622
Minor Notices 1623
The Magazines 1624
Art 1624
Variorum Notes 1626
New Books and New Editions .. 1627

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—Dr Fox.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Lord Beaconsfield has incurred a serious responsibility in accepting the honour of a visit from Her Majesty the Queen at such a time of divided opinions as the present. It is not pretended that he was not made aware beforehand of the honour which Her Gracious Majesty was about to confer upon him, and it was his obvious duty, in view of the construction certain to be put, and which has been put, upon this mark of royal favour, to advise, as Her Majesty's chief counsellor, that it should be postponed till a more convenient season. It was inevitable that it should be connected with such circumstances as the publication of a volume dealing copiously, from a particular point of view, with the last crisis of the Eastern Question, and recent investitures with the dignity of knighthood, and interpreted as indicating on the part of the Sovereign a desire to bring her social influence to bear in favour of one of the political parties in the State. There is nothing contrary to the Constitution in this, but it is a new development of the principle that the change which the English Monarchy has undergone consists in the substitution of influence for direct exercise of power. It is an expansion of the Constitution in a new and unforseen direction, and an expansion of such importance that it may be questioned whether Lord Beaconsfield was justified in assenting to it without communication with his colleagues in the Ministry. There are precedents for the Sovereign's paying a visit to her Prime Minister, but no precedents, so far as we are aware, for doing so at a time when it is inevitably subject to a political construction.

The Queen's visit to Hughenden has been much commented on in the German Press, where, curiously enough, it was announced beforehand, though not a hint of it appeared in the London newspapers. The *Cologne Gazette* looks upon it not only as a sign of Her Majesty's personal regard for Lord Beaconsfield—that regard having been considerably heightened by Lord Beaconsfield's renunciation of a peerage in favour of his wife—but as a political movement of great importance, and a most significant sign of her sympathies with his policy in the present crisis.

The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* points out that on Friday last, whilst Her Majesty was visiting the mausoleum at Frogmore, a Cabinet Council was being held at Downing Street, and that the result of the debate was considered by Her Majesty and Earl Beaconsfield during the royal visit to Hughenden. That most important decisions were arrived at, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* does not doubt; and for a proof of the favour with which the visit is regarded by the working classes, turns to the *Weekly Dispatch*, to the utterances of which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives a colouring the words scarcely bear.

The Hungarian papers, with the exception of the *Pester Lloyd*, which is more guarded in its utterances, and still holds to Count Andrassy, hail the visit of Her Majesty to Hughenden as the first step in what the Hungarians are pleased to call the right direction. "Sir Charles Griffiths" has received, in connexion with this visit, the most flattering and enthusiastic congratulations from the leading Hungarians and members of the Imperial family.

Whilst Lord Beaconsfield was being honoured by Her Majesty last Saturday at Hughenden, the Counts Zichy were also honoured with a visit from "Sir Charles Griffiths," in company with Lord Henry Gordon Lennox. "Sir Charles" was received with all the honour due to a prominent personage who is in some measure carrying out in Hungary the policy supposed to have been favoured by the visit to Hughenden. It may, perhaps, not be superfluous to add that "Sir Charles Griffiths" is the *incognito* under which the Duke of Connaught is travelling.

At the audience which Her Majesty graciously accorded the Earl of Beaconsfield before her visit to him at Hughenden, she playfully teased him about his "spirited policy," and as he was going away presented him with the third volume of the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' recommending him to induce his colleagues to study the work, as "it might be useful to them." The *Cologne Gazette* is the authority for this anecdote.

On Monday last, a meeting of some 6,000 people was held in Pesth, under the presidency of George Sztupa, in favour of Turkey. Helfy insisted that the downfall of Turkey was synonymous with the downfall of Hungary, and that Turkey must be supported, if needs be, with arms. He moved resolutions in this sense which were carried amidst immense enthusiasm. He was followed by Eötvös and a deputation nominated to acquaint Tisza with the resolutions carried. The whole assembly followed the deputation to the Ofen citadel, but Tisza refused to receive a deputation, accompanied by such a demonstration. Thereupon Verhovay was called upon to speak. This Verhovay did in somewhat emphatic language. He said: "Koloman Tisza has refused to

listen to the voice of the nation. Let the name of Koloman Tisza be henceforward wiped out from the hearts of the Hungarian people!" This proposal was carried by acclamation, and Koloman Tisza was wiped out accordingly. After that, the meeting broke a few windows to emphasize their feelings, and then went home sadder but no wiser men.

The question as to how the sudden change in Marshal MacMahon's policy was brought about has been the subject of many speculations and statements. The story about the "loud Norman voice" of M. Pouyer-Quertier having done it all, is already exploded. We now learn—and this is a most significant fact—that the Papal Nuncio entered the Elysée at an early hour on the morning of December 13, when he had a long interview with the Marshal. Soon after this conversation, the latter went to Versailles, in order to re-enter into relations with M. Dufaure, whom, a few days before, he had treated with downright insult. The suggestion is, that the Pope's envoy advised MacMahon to yield for the nonce, and to remain at his post. We are informed that the main difficulty in inducing the Marshal to yield was to overcome his scruples as to the "word of honour" (or dishonour) he had given to his reactionary and clerical confederates, that he would carry out his dissolutionist and *coup d'état* policy to the bitter end. This matter, too, was arranged for him by a conventicle of the chief conspirators. They solemnly released him from his promise, asking him at the same time not to resign, but to reserve himself for the further good of France. We have every reason to believe this record to be correct.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* affirms—"not as a conjecture but as a fact"—that the Marshal "dropped his hands on persuasion from Berlin. Prince Bismarck did in one despatch what the French electorate could not do, nor a great and determined Opposition in the Chamber, nor even the apprehension (which must have been brought to his mind) of popular commotion." Was this despatch the cause of the conference between Marshal MacMahon and the Nuncio, or was the pressure brought to bear not by a direct despatch but through the medium of the Ultramontane leaders? At any rate, the fact that the Nuncio was consulted affords some ground for suspecting the sincerity of the Marshal's conversion to Parliamentary principles. A suggestion has been made from the Ministerial side to the Committee of 18 that it should now dissolve, but this is not likely in the circumstances to be acceded to.

The German Press, so favourable in almost all its party-shades—the Ultramontanes excepted—to the Republican cause in France, has received the news of the abrupt change in Marshal MacMahon's conduct with much critical reserve. Most Liberal papers think it necessary for the Republicans to obtain real guarantees. It is noted as a suspicious circumstance that "MacMahon now signs everything put before him in complete silence, without uttering a single word." Even the Berlin *Post* says, in regard to his Message, that "a solemn promise, publicly given, may perhaps be a pledge with which one has to be satisfied, seeing that no better guarantee can be got; but how easy is it to seek a fresh quarrel, not with the Parliamentary majority, but with the Cabinet, and thus to hark back, under more favourable circumstances, to a new Sixteenth of May!" The *Kreuz-Zeitung* also, hitherto most inclined to bitter attacks upon the Republicans, remarks, after having acknowledged that the Marshal will not easily regain the position just lost:—"But who can be sure of the future, especially in France?" The *National Liberale Korrespondenz* congratulates France on the overthrow of a despotic and Vaticanist intrigue, but expresses doubts as to whether the Left Centre Cabinet of M. Dufaure will find a workable majority for any length of time. The advanced Liberal and Democratic journals recommend watchfulness to the Republicans. This is also the purport of two private letters we have received from a well-informed quarter, where French affairs are studied with great care.

The political confusion in Italy gets worse as time goes on. Starting, two Sessions ago, with a majority of a couple of hundred, the Ministry the other day were only able to carry a vote implying confidence in Signor Nicotera, the Minister of the Interior, by a majority so narrow as to be equivalent to a defeat. The result has been the break-up of the Cabinet. Signor Depretis, the present Premier, has been charged with its reconstruction, but the work is by no means easy. One personal difficulty is got rid of by the removal of Signor Nicotera, who is more responsible than anyone else for the discredit into which the Ministry has fallen. Amid all this disorder, a new Left has been constituted, with Signor Cairoli and Signor Bertani as its chief members, with the object of carrying out the genuine programme of the party to which the present administration is declared to have been faithless. Phrases apart, it is hard to see what this programme is. A few days will show what sort of a Ministry will emerge out of the chaos. The Franchise Bill has been referred to the Bureaux; and, if it even passes into law at all, will most likely not be then recognisable by its own parents. Nothing has been settled about the Railway Conventions, and some influential papers are urging that, as the public mind is not ripe for legislating on the question, it should be referred to a commission before any further steps are taken. A good deal of doubt is now expressed as to the wisdom of the hasty passing of the law for abolition of the punishment of death by the Chamber of Deputies, and as to the likelihood that the Senate will be found on this point in harmony with the Chamber. Last spring it rejected the Bill against clerical abuses, which the Chamber had passed, and it may assert its prerogative now. Capital punishment, however, is a point on which the feelings of Italians are curiously tender. Many congratulations, verbal, epistolary, and telegraphic, have been addressed to Signor Mancini, the Minister who introduced the Bill, of which the following is a sample:—"To the Minister Mancini, Like Moses, you have crossed the Red Sea of the Chamber; like Joshua, you will cross the Jordan of the Senate. Bravo."

Seldom has there been a more edifying instance of a man hoist with his own petard than was exhibited by Lord Coleridge last Monday. In the case of the Queen against Hertford College, a Nonconformist asked, and obtained, from the Queen's Bench Division, a peremptory mandamus directing the Principal and Fellows of the College to examine him as a candidate for a Fellowship which became vacant two years ago. The Court of Appeal has not yet given its decision, and it would therefore be improper to discuss the merits of the question. Lord Coleridge, however, who came down on purpose to hear the case, leaving the Court as soon as it was concluded, made the wise and practical suggestion that the prosecutor, Mr. Tillyard, should have submitted himself to an examination which the electors told him would be a nullity, should then have proved, which would have been impossible, that he had passed first, and should then have called upon the Fellows to elect him, which, if he had passed first, they would not have been bound to do. This fruitful distinction was not lost upon the Solicitor-General, who proceeded to argue, with the concurrence of Lord Justice Bramwell, that the University Test Act of 1871, which was drawn by Lord Coleridge himself, did not prevent any college from imposing any test it pleased upon election, provided it imposed none upon admission. Thus Lord Coleridge's ingenuity was rewarded by having one of the acutest of living Judges put upon Lord Coleridge's own Act an interpretation which, unless the measure was, as it notoriously was not, intended to be a purely enabling statute, reduces it to a

mass of waste paper, and its author to a position which his worst enemies will pity.

So far as our ironclads are concerned, the recent experiments on steel plates, at Portsmouth, are more important than any which have been conducted this year. For more than ten years the most persistent efforts have been made to manufacture steel sufficiently soft to take the place of iron, without, at the same time, losing its own distinctive properties. Its brittleness has been its bane. But, by means of a process adopted by Dr. Siemens, a steel suitable for the hulls of ships has been made, and has been applied in the *Iris*, and in seven other vessels now building for the British Navy. The trial of the engines of the *Iris* last week was a sufficient proof of the value of this invention, and there is no reasonable doubt that, so far as speed and buoyancy go, a great advantage has been secured. But, in regard to ironclad construction, the substitution of steel for iron plates is not so successful. In spite of the sanguine expectations of Sheffield manufacturers and naval constructors, the experiments on the *Nettle* at Portsmouth have, for the time at least, set at rest any doubt as to the possibility of using steel armour for our ironclads, or as to the possibility of armour of any kind proving superior to modern ordnance.

The account given in a recent number of the *Examiner*, as to the way in which small-pox is spread by furniture dealers, has received startling confirmation from a case heard before Mr. Serjeant Cox, in which the defendant was convicted of having resold and remade articles of bedding condemned by the inspectors. What are inspectors for, if they do not see their orders carried out? They ought to have received the punishment dealt out to the prisoner—who, be it noted, was charged, not for spreading small-pox, but for embezzlement. Perhaps this charge was preferred against him in order to leave the field open for the more serious charge to be brought against the inspectors who so grossly neglected their duty.

The case of Ward *v.* Hobbs, just decided in the Court of Appeal, before Lords Justices Bramwell, Brett, and Cotton, is highly instructive to agriculturists and cattle dealers. Defendant took pigs to market, the remnant of a diseased herd; they were at that time infected. Plaintiff bought these at auction. A condition of sale was that there was no warranty, all lots being open to inspection, and all sales were to be "with all faults." The newly-purchased pigs not only died, but also infected other animals. Plaintiff sued for damages; the trial was before Lord Justice Brett. The jury found a verdict for plaintiff for 66*l.* 19*s.*, subject to a point of law reserved. This point came before the Court of Queen's Bench, Justices Mellor and Lush. The question reserved was this. The Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act makes it a criminal offence to expose infected animals knowingly for sale. Did, or did not, this state of the law presuppose a general warranty on the part of every vendor, that, so far as he knew, his animals were not so infected as to infringe the statute. Yes, their sale "with all faults" applied only to such further faults as might exist distinctly from infection or contagion. The Court held that such a warranty against contagion was implied tacitly, and gave judgment for plaintiff. Against this defendant appealed. The Court of Appeal has reversed the former decision, and decided for defendant, on the ground that the defendant "made no express representation that his pigs were not infected." Hence the case resolves itself into the old maxim of *caveat emptor*.

The moral to be drawn from this state of the law, should it not hereafter be reversed by the House of Lords, is highly instructive, especially to fraudulently-disposed cattle jobbers. "If you have a beast—worth, say, 30*l.*—infected, sure to die sooner or later, but not yet openly displaying fatal symptoms, send it at once to market. Few buyers will suppose that you dare wilfully to violate the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, and to brave the penalties. If the beast looks fairly well, they will buy it, and, once bought, you can hold them to the bargain. The penalty under the Act is only 20*l.*, even supposing it can be proved that you were cognisant of the infection when you exposed the beast for sale; so, if you get a fair price, you will still be in pocket, even if convicted and fined. Better this than let the beast die at home—a dead loss to you. True, you may infect the whole farm of the buyer, but that does not hurt you, if you are a man of straw." Does not this state of things suggest to the Government the necessity of immediate legislation on this subject? Here is an Act of Parliament through which, not to say a coach-and-four but a whole drove of infected beasts, may be driven, with profit to the violator of the Act. The remedy must be imprisonment with hard labour, to the extent of two years, if required, for such an offence, and a statutory evidence of all sales of infected animals; so that no buyer of an infected animal in open market shall, if it be shown that the animal was contagious diseased at the time of sale, be held to his bargain, no matter what the conditions of sale may be. This is imperative, to check contagion, and to destroy encouragement to violate the law.

Mr. James Stewart, one of the Liberal candidates for Greenock, may at least claim the distinction of having added another "plank" to the number usually introduced into advanced "platforms." He would urge Parliament "to establish Courts of Arbitration" as the best means of stopping the strikes and lock-outs which in the present year have been exceptionally numerous, and have proved about as disastrous to the victorious as to the conquered side. The project, however, is not a new one; and there is at this moment an Act in force to which masters and workmen may resort if they choose, namely, "The Council of Conciliation Act" of 1867. The Act, of course, is permissive; and the mere fact that it has not as yet been employed to settle a single dispute seems to imply that it must be somewhat out of harmony with English notions. Perhaps the best feature of the Conciliation Act is the prohibition against the employment of lawyers at the Court, except by joint consent of the parties. Masters and workmen qualified by residence, and duration of connexion with the trade, are at liberty to apply for the formation of a "Court," and to vote in the appointment of its officers. The award, says the Act, "shall be final and conclusive between the parties to such arbitration, without being subject to review or challenge by any Court or authority whatever." These Courts, however, would have no power to settle questions about wages in advance—the very question about which strikes arise! The best plan will be to let the masters and the workmen voluntarily establish Boards of their own, without any legislative patronage or interference. The Board system has succeeded admirably; and the experiences of the year will most likely lead the industrial classes to see the expediency of extending it.

Some fault has lately been found with the London police because they do not suppress the itinerant brass bands which, under the profaned name of "Waits," make the small hours of the night hideous throughout December. As a matter of fact, no blame attaches to the force in this matter. By existing regulations a brass band is as much entitled to play in the streets at 3 A.M. as at 3 P.M. If, at either hour, a householder calls upon the melodious gang to move on, they must forthwith take their departure out of hearing. In the case of illness in a house, the police must be previously notified of the fact if their intervention is wanted. As matters stand at present, therefore, there is no way of stopping the "Waits" during the small hours short of tumbling out of bed and wrangling with them in the open street. The notice to the police in cases of illness counts for nothing, because an attack of insomnia may

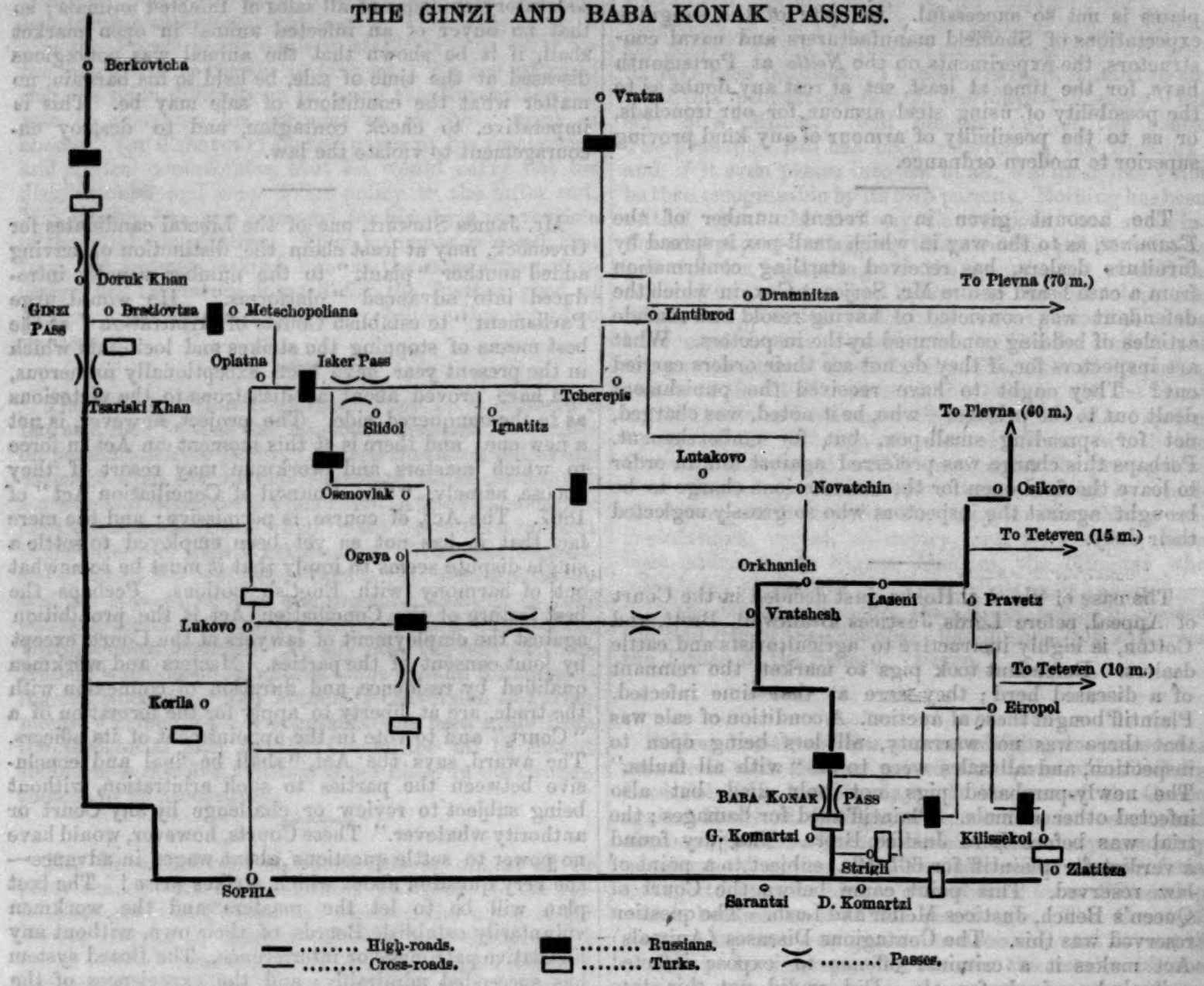
come on at any moment. As these conditions hold good throughout the year, and as certain classes of the population—and those not the least worthy of consideration—have to depend almost entirely on the latter half of the night for rest, the time would seem to have arrived for introducing a more civilised system. The liberty of the subject would not, we imagine, be dangerously restricted if the police were instructed to maintain quiet, as well as order, in the streets between midnight and daybreak.

THE ADVANCE ON SOPHIA. THE SERVIANS.

The forecast we made last week, regarding the disposition of the Russian troops set free by the fall of Plevna, has been confirmed by the dispersion of the men amongst the corps under the command of the Cesarevitch, General Radetzki, and Generals Gourko and Schouvaloff. We then expressed an opinion that General Gourko would advance on Sophia, after seizing the roads leading from Belgradjik to Pirot, Nisch, and Sophia, and, passing down to the Servian frontier, whilst the scouts of Prince Charles reached up to the Timok, would afford the Servians the long-hoped-for opportunity to declare war and cross the frontier. This has occurred. It was indeed an inevitable conclusion for those who know how to estimate the forces at work in the Balkan peninsula, and, had it been otherwise, would have boded ill for the preservation of the European peace. That may possibly be threatened in another quarter; but with that contingency we have at present nothing to do.

General Gourko's forces have been advancing by two roads. Covered in his rear by the Roumanian forces at Lom Palanka, he has pushed forward on the road to Berkovtcha, which has been captured by Count Berg—

THE GINZI AND BABA KONAK PASSES.



a son of the late Governor-General of Poland—whilst a series of detachments have been advancing through the wild, broken, inhospitable country forming the watershed between the Isker and Ogust. The result of this movement will be seen very plainly on comparing our sketch this week with that of last week. All along the line, the isolated Turkish detachments have either been driven in or have fallen back upon the Ginzi Pass or the neighbourhood of Sophia. The road from Berkovtcha over the Ginzi Pass, as shown in our sketch, is tapped by various cross-roads leading to it from the east. The positions of the Turks are already all more or less out-flanked in this direction, and on the west there are also two or more roads debouching north and south of Tzariski Khan from Pirot.

On this side, the scout and advance detachments sent by General Gourko to obtain contact with the Servians have succeeded in their object, and seized the road from Belgradjik to Pirot, which runs close to the Servian frontier. The chain was thus completed which extends from the Lom to the Timok, along the Balkans, with no other Turkish force in its rear than those at Widdin and Belgradjik.

Before Nisch, the line of active and serious operations has been taken up by General Leshjanin, who has advanced to the immediate vicinity of Nisch, and captured the out-lying block-house and fortified position of Tchiflik, or Fort Midhat Pasha, about 1½ kilomètres north-west of Nisch, and the high-road leading to Pirot and Sophia. At the same time General Leshjanin took care to cover his right flank by advancing a column on the high-road from Novi-Bazar to Nisch, by which the capture of a position east of Prokoplje (Urküb) was effected, which led to the abandonment of Prokoplje itself by the Turks, and its occupation by the Serbs. Further west, the Javor corps is operating against Novi-Bazar and Sienitza, the commanders of which report the capture of Priepolje on the Lim, and on the road to Plevlje,

half-way between the Servian and the Montenegrin frontiers. By this movement Bosnia has been isolated from the rest of the Empire, and the first step taken to co-operate with the Russian troops in the advance on Sophia.

In the north-east, General Horvatovich has crossed the Timok, and occupied Adlie on the road to Widdin. Adlie is described as a "fort." The only fort there is a simple block-house, and the most solid building in the town the ruins of a church bearing some traces of Genoese work. The town is of little or no strategic importance, nor does the road thence to Widdin present any difficulties to an advance, except at one point about seven miles from Widdin, where it enters a defile between low-wooded hills about 800 feet high. The entrance to Widdin on this side leads across a series of barren, undulating hills, the road passing through the earthworks about one and a-half miles from the centre of the town, and then winding tortuously through the suburbs of the town, till it reaches the citadel, the approach to which is guarded by glacis and moats.

In the east, on the confines of the Quadrilateral, it is already sufficiently evident what course the Russian commanders intend pursuing, for the moment at least. The advance of General Dellinghausen along the three roads leading from Tirnova to Osman Bazar, and which has resulted in the re-occupation of Elena, Zlataritza, and Kesarovo, and the arrival of the advance posts at Bebrova, Bosheutzi, and Karaïsaly, shows that a serious attack on the Turkish positions at Achmedly is imminent. In fact, the position is already turned by the appearance of the column at Karaïsaly, which also menaces Osman Bazar. The object of this movement is, of course, to obtain possession of the Kazan Pass, through which the road runs from Adrianople to Schumla and Rasgrad, after skirting the ramparts which the Dervisch Balkan throws up round the mountain mass in which Schumla lies. It is clear that General Dellinghausen is to play the part in the Eastern Balkans which General Gourko is playing in the west, and is to prepare the way for investing Schumla. Herein he will be assisted by the right wing of the Cesarevitch's army, the left of which will close round Rustzuk, whilst the centre will be directed on Rasgrad, and kept in readiness to oppose the Turkish field-army. In the direction of Silistria, the reinforcements which have been sent to General Zimmerman, and the resumption of active operations on the northern banks of the Danube, show that it is expected that General Zimmerman will wipe out the stain Silistria left on the Russian arms during the Crimean War. The attack upon Totrokan (Turtukaiya) seems to indicate an intention on the part of the Russian commanders to advance partly upon Rustzuk, and partly upon the railway to Varna, so as to cut the communications between Rustzuk and the Black Sea. A considerable number of men —the estimate varies between 20,000 and 25,000—has been directed on this point (Totrokan), so that the news of the investment of Rustzuk, previous to siege operations, may soon be expected—soon, that is, in the significance which that word possesses in Turkey. On the whole, the broad plan of campaign now resolved on points to an advance in force from the extreme west—from Nisch and Sophia—by the right wing of the Russian army, till it has joined hands south of the Balkans with the centre, under the Grand Duke and General Radetzki; whilst the left wing, under the Cesarevitch, supported by General Zimmerman, invests the fortresses, and, practically, the whole of the Quadrilateral, as far as is possible, whilst the Turks still hold Varna. The war, on this basis, may thus be said to have just begun. In six months' time a definite military result may be looked for. Scarcely before.

A BOLD PROJECT.

A plan of campaign, as much of a political as of a military character, has been communicated to the Turkish authorities, and has apparently been accepted by them. Into the origin of this plan, interesting as the inquiry might be, it is now scarcely necessary to examine. In whatever fertile brain it may first have arisen, its suggestion to the Turkish Government removes it from the field of fanciful imagination to the practical range of accomplished facts. Nor does it much signify what motives dictated the proposal of this plan. Such motives can be imagined as being of diametrically opposed natures. And equally diametrically opposed may be the possible results. What the actual result may be, will depend upon the energy with which the plan is carried out by the one party, or turned to advantage by the other.

The original idea of this plan is based on the conviction of the Turks that under certain circumstances they would be able to secure the assistance of one or more foreign Powers in the war against Russia. The plan itself is that the Porte should concentrate all the forces at its disposal in the Quadrilateral and the passes leading to it, thus leaving the road to Constantinople perfectly open. Constantinople itself would be strongly garrisoned, and the Russians practically invited to come and take it, or confine their efforts to the reduction of the whole Quadrilateral with its fortresses of Rustzuk, Silistria, Schumla, Rasgrad, Varna, and the lines and earthworks which would be thrown up in various points and defended with the energy of which the defence of Plevna has shown the Turks to be so capable. But the situation in the Quadrilateral would be very different from that at Plevna. Plevna fell on account of the impossibility of keeping open the communications with it. But in the Quadrilateral the communications with the capital could always be kept open by the Black Sea, of which the Turks have the control, *viâ* Varna, through which any amount of the material at the disposal of the Turks from all sources, covert and overt, could be poured. It is quite impossible to form any estimate of the time that would be requisite for the Russians to end the campaign if the Turks should adopt this plan. The transport of heavy siege material from Plevna and elsewhere would, it is true, be favoured by the hardness of the roads in winter time; but this advantage would be more than counterbalanced by the difficulties of constructing siege works and trenches, &c., in the frozen ground.

Nor is this all. The matter is to be still further complicated by fresh reinforcements from Egypt to the number of 20,000 men for the protection of Constantinople or otherwise, but in all probability for Constantinople, if certain obvious objections of the Porte can be overcome. Further, the policy thus recommended in Europe, it has been suggested, should also be extended to Asia, and the same military tactics adopted there as in European Turkey, with, no doubt, certain modifications which can be easily imagined.

This project has received apparent confirmation already from two quarters—from the Russian headquarters and from Egypt. On Tuesday, the *Daily News* correspondent at the Russian headquarters stated that the military authorities were at first strongly in favour of an immediate advance across the Balkans on Adrianople, "but that another course has been, at least temporarily, dictated by the more diplomatic element of the Imperial headquarters." We are in a position to state that this course was dictated in consequence of the above plan having become known to the Russian authorities. The second confirmation is contained in a letter from the *Daily News* correspondent at Alexandria, in which he states that the Sublime Porte had sent a demand to the Khedive for 20,000 fresh troops, and that a contingent of 6,000 men is about to leave for Constantinople. These facts, still further strengthened by the arrival of Suleiman Pasha from Varna with 10,000 men, must be considered not so much as confirmatory evidence of the plan we have mentioned, but rather as evidence of the rapidity and energy with which it is being put into execution; and it is probably not too much to say that the same considerations which dictated its adoption also dictated the meeting of Parliament at so unusually early a period.

Now the motives which induce the Turks and their friends to adopt this plan are so clear as to speak for

themselves. Either the Russians will be obliged to let General Todleben commence the weary work of digging the grave of the Porte with the spade in the Quadrilateral—as Todleben himself has already advised—or they must be prepared to risk the danger of the war party in England succeeding in entrapping the country into war, with the cry of Constantinople in danger! And lest this should not be sufficient to move those who refuse to believe in any danger to Constantinople from Russia, the renewed assistance of Egypt under these particular circumstances has been determined upon, in order to force the Russians to identify Egypt with Turkey, and bring on demands for explanations which might result in a *casus belli*, or the fall of the Beaconsfield Ministry. Which of the two is the more probable is a matter for serious consideration.

The importance of this momentous question cannot be overrated. It speaks for itself. Equally important are the views taken of it by the two great Powers, besides England, who are most deeply interested in the settlement of affairs in the East, and no less important than the relations existing between these two Powers themselves—Austria and Prussia—and their respective and mutual relations towards Russia and England. In effect, the German Government states emphatically that it cannot separate itself from Russia or refuse to endorse any claims Russia may choose to make as long as those claims do not injure German interests. At the same time, the German Government never wearies in pointing out that it is the interest and duty of England to protect European interests in the East, intensely hopes that the temper of the nation may be raised to the war-pitch, and incessantly deprecates the idea of the Marquis of Salisbury that Germany would act under any circumstances against Russia as a fundamental error. That the Marquis might be eliminated from the Cabinet is their sincere desire. If that were accomplished they are convinced that Lord Derby's constitutional characteristics would prevent his remaining any obstacle to the policy they would speedily see Lord Beaconsfield carrying out. In short, no stone will be left unturned to induce this country to declare war, or to induce Russia to make such demands as we have already alluded to, and thus precipitate the catastrophe.

As regards Austria, her views as to the march of the Russians on Constantinople are rather remarkable, and bear different constructions. The Austrian Government has signified that it would not object to an occupation of Constantinople in the same sense as the German occupation of Paris, in order to satisfy the popular and military mind in Russia. That such an event would be regarded as eminently dangerous by the military element in Austria and England is of course but natural. But this is a consideration which must yield to broader views. The question to be answered is whether Germany and Austria would remain passive if the temporary occupation of Constantinople by the Russians should threaten to become permanent. And then the question is, if Austria and Prussia should consent to remain thus passive, whether England could not secure her interests in another quarter without incurring the expenses and horrors of a war. The question as to whether Austria's consent to a temporary occupation of Constantinople may not be the result of a trap laid for her by Prussia, is a matter for her own private consideration. Here again broader considerations must prevail; for though Austria might disappear, Germany would still remain, and it is immaterial for us whether it is A or B who protects those German interests which Prince Bismarck has declared he will protect, and which also protect Constantinople. It is also conceivable that Austria might be willing to allow a temporary occupation of Constantinople with the full knowledge that the further the Russian armies advanced from their basis of operations the easier it would be to cut their communications.

All this is as clear to the advocates of action in favour of the Turks as it is to those who are opposed to it. On public grounds, the matter does not allow of argument. But private interests have found a reply to the opponents of such action which may appear very plausible to those in whose hands the decision may be imagined in some circumstances to lie. It is said that much as Germany would like to oppose Russia at Constantinople, she has no option in the matter, and must co-operate with Russia. It is also pointed out at the same time that much as Austria would like to oppose Russia likewise, she cannot do so, because she is bound to Prussia, and that, therefore, England—as the only nation which is unfettered—must play a bold and spirited policy. This is a very plausible argument, but bold and spirited as the policy of England ought always to be, it is no part of our duty to assist Germany to keep Alsace and Lorraine, nor to protect Austria against Prussian designs, if any such designs exist. What we have to regard are our own interests in the event of Russia's exceeding her programme of emancipation, and we have to consider whether our interests in the East can best be consulted by fighting Russia single-handed for the possession of Constantinople, or by establishing ourselves in a position which would effectually secure our interests against attack.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The frequent meetings of the Cabinet within the last ten days have resulted not in an offer of mediation between Russia and Turkey, but in a determination to call the Houses of Parliament together on January 17, the day to which they stand formally prorogued. If Her Majesty's Ministers are not entirely indifferent to the comfort and well-being of Her Majesty's subjects, if they do not take a positive pleasure in disquieting the country and distracting the ordinary course of business, they will lose no time in making known, through some authoritative channel, the precise meaning of this announcement, unless, indeed, they are merely waiting for instructions, which Lord Derby described as being their position the last time they startled us with an unexpected spasm of activity. It is a serious injury to a trading community to be left uncertain as to the intentions of the Government after such an announcement. They have left us of the servants' hall with no means of guessing "what is up now," except through the medium of the newspapers which are supposed to be in more or less direct communication with them. If the statement made by one of these newspapers is correct, they have nothing less momentous on their thoughts than the subversion of the Constitution. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Parliament is summoned, "not to debate and deliberate," but to supply the Government with money without daring to ask how it is to be spent. We do not say that this statement subjects our old friend and jester to the dire penalties of a *præmunire*; but it is sailing very near the wind, and the haughty tone in which the House of Commons is relegated to its proper place as a talking-shop in uneventful times throws light upon the *Daily Telegraph's* admiration for the Turkish Constitution. The *Standard* affects more respect for poor Parliament when it says that "the Ministry have determined to summon Parliament three weeks before its usual time, in order to lay before it the measures which the altered state of the Eastern Question requires, and to obtain from it the necessary powers for providing the national interests with a sufficient protection," and adds in more definite language that, "in other words, Parliament will be asked to grant a vote of money in order to defray the expenses of such an increase in our armament as the present state of Europe demands." If this is the case, Lord Beaconsfield may find a model for the Queen's Speech to the House of Commons in that delivered by Her Majesty in person at the opening of the eventful Session of 1854, which ran thus:—"My endeavours, in conjunction with my allies, to preserve and to restore peace between the contending parties, although hitherto unsuccessful, have been unremitting. I will not fail to persevere in these endeavours; but as the continuance of the war may deeply affect the interests of this country, and of Europe, I think it necessary to make a further augmentation of my naval and military forces, with

the view of supporting my representations, and of more effectually contributing to the restoration of peace." Only one phrase in this address need be altered —"in conjunction with my allies." The policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet has succeeded in leaving us without any allies.

The parallel between the course taken before the outbreak of the Crimean War, and that which, according to the inspired organ of the Ministry, will be taken when Parliament meets, is not reassuring. But there is nothing necessarily alarming in a proposed augmentation of our warlike forces. It is true Mr. Gathorne Hardy has again and again declared that our present forces are amply sufficient for the protection of our national interests. But the Secretary of War is a rhetorician who will repeat without much significance any commonplace which seems to belong to his office, and it is not to be denied that the present crisis is full of danger. Whatever may have been the motives of Russia in undertaking the present war—the most probable supposition is that they were perfectly honest—it is not to be supposed that now, after all the taunts and insinuations which have been levelled against them by our Pro-Turkish newspapers, and after the portentous menaces of our Prime Minister, the Russians can be in a mood to respect British interests, if they see their way to doing them an injury. If the Czar's advisers can devise any political combination by which England may be placed at a disadvantage, we may be certain that they will not let it slip. We do well therefore to take precautions, and if it is the case that our bold and spirited Conservative rulers have only been pretending for form's sake that the army is in an effective condition, the House of Commons will do well to assent to an augmentation.

If the nation had confidence in all the component elements of the present Ministry, there would be nothing to dread or deprecate in an increase of our fighting strength. This course was taken by Mr. Gladstone's Government during the Franco-German War, when there was less likelihood of immediate danger to our interests, and it would probably have been taken by the present Government in the course of last Session but for the fact that it would have involved the swallowing of their previous brag about the condition of the army. One obvious danger in augmenting our army now, instead of doing so at the commencement of hostilities, is that it will encourage the Turks to protract the war in hopes of ultimate assistance from this country. But even that result of the measure would be comparatively innocuous, at least to us, if it were certain that the Government would proceed with due caution in the defence of our interests. There were circumstances tending to a rupture of peace in 1854 which need not exist now. The present Czar is a less irritable man than his predecessor, and we have not at present any such ally as Napoleon III. to make peace impossible by his deliberate provocations. If the present Cabinet were composed of ordinary common-sense Englishmen, we need not be afraid to trust them with an augmented military force for the support of their representations. But unfortunately our Prime Minister is a man of whom it is notorious that every faculty of his splendid genius is subservient to one overmastering passion, a daring and insatiable vanity, and there is no saying to what foolishly provocative action he may succeed in driving his colleagues in his love of display. It is an incalculable misfortune to have such a man at the head of affairs in such a crisis, reinforced as he naturally is by the support of Her Majesty the Queen. It may be that his colleagues are sufficiently strong to keep his rash impulses in check, as they have hitherto done. We can hardly believe that some of them would otherwise have agreed to such a step as the present summoning of Parliament with whatever it may imply, and it will be well if the country in the intervening three weeks does its utmost to strengthen their hands against the adoption of a provocative and unpatriotic policy.

We have pointed out in another column a clever project by which the Turks propose to take full advantage of our fears concerning Constantinople, by leaving the road to it open for the Russians to march over, if they are unable to resist this temptation to their national vanity. The astute politicians calculate that the English people cannot possibly see such a promenade without falling into a panic, and immediately insisting upon Russia being summoned to stop, a summons which would give great gratification to the Austrian and the German Governments if it resulted in a duel between Russia and England. We observe that the *Standard* does not quite appreciate the grounds on which some of us deprecate a panic in this country at the march of the Russians on Constantinople. "No soldier or seaman," the *Standard* says, "or statesman capable of forming a sound judgment on military or naval politics, will for a moment affirm that we could render Egypt or the Canal really secure while Constantinople and the Straits were formally or practically in the hands of a hostile Power." But this question is not necessarily raised by the march of Russia on Constantinople. It would be raised if there were the least probability of Russia's being allowed to retain Constantinople, supposing that she took it within the next six weeks. Better, however, to keep her from going there, and save her from temptation? Perhaps; but then, so far as appears from the present attitude of other Powers, we have to choose between these two alternatives. If Russia decides upon marching to Constantinople, to gratify popular feeling, or for any other reason, and we decide upon opposing her, we shall have to do so single-handed—a heroic policy, and one to which the spirit of the country is undoubtedly equal, but much more costly and pregnant with hazard than if we opposed her in conjunction with allies. If, on the other hand, if we bide our time patiently even against the spectacle of Russia in actual possession of Constantinople, we may rely upon the support of Germany and Austria in insisting on its evacuation, if the Russians do not march out again of their own accord. Between these alternatives we may have to choose, and there can be little doubt which is most worthy of a nation which combines resolution with sagacity.

THE CONTROL OF EGYPT.

"An English crusade against Russia would be only one degree less insane, less remote from any rational furtherance of English interests, less of a calamity to mankind—if indeed less mischievous at all in any of these respects—than a crusade with her. Our business does not lie there; Russia has chosen to go her way alone, and it remains for us not to waste our strength in crossing it, but to go on ours, and to go straight to our real end." "It is time to drop, whether for blessing or for banning, that over-worked phrase of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. That independence, so far as it served English interests, has for ever vanished. The dependence or independence, whichever it may be, that will be the lot of the Porte after this war, will have no facile aspect towards England. Very shortly, the matter stands thus. Our best road to India lies through Egypt, overland or through the Canal. It was convenient to us that our road should be in the hands of a Power nominally independent, with a deep interest in being on good terms with us; strong enough to be serviceable, but not too strong to be trusted. That state of things is gone, and cannot be restored; and the same events which have destroyed it have also destroyed the possibility of an alternative road, which in other circumstances we might have found it worth while to possess. The inference is *not*, as some persons appear to think, *that we are to fight Russia for the Euphrates Valley road, which we never had, but that we are to take measures, which can probably be taken without fighting anybody, to make sure of the Egyptian road while we still have it.*"

It is reassuring to find such sensible words as these in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, even though they are contained in a letter, and not in the editorial columns. It is a sign of returning reason that the *Pall Mall Gazette* should permit a correspondent to lecture its readers on

the folly of "mere partisanship for Russian or Turk, heightened by an indistinct notion that our affairs are somehow mixed up in a fight which is none of ours, but unchastened by any firm resolve to lay out of the case the things we cannot do, and attend to those which we can." It is, indeed, high time that those newspapers which have been working so hard to inflame the public mind into a tipsy rage for immediate war should see where their philippics are leading them, and awake to the dangerously false position in which they are placing the country before Europe, in so far as they are taken as the exponents of its opinion. Before many months are over, it will become apparent to everybody that the control of Egypt is what we want and all we want for the security of our road to India. The cry from one end of the country to the other will then be that the control of Egypt must somehow be acquired. The journals which now pour out daily floods of eloquence about the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the sanctity of the treaties by which its independence and integrity are guaranteed, will find no difficulty in adapting themselves to the exigencies of the situation, but if they are accepted as the true representatives of English opinion, how shall we stand among other nations when our interests compel us to treat the Sultan's independence and the integrity of his dominions as fictions? With what face can we lay our hands on the richest of the Sultan's provinces, after declaring that the foundations of international order are loosened, and the value of international conventions reduced to nothing, if he is not allowed to misgovern his subjects as he pleases, and treated in all respects as an independent Sovereign with an inalienable right to possess for ever every acre of ground now under his rule? After the way in which some of our mouthpieces, who claim to speak for us all, have denounced Russia for every attempt to extend her frontiers, we shall cut a somewhat ridiculous figure when we find it necessary to extend our own. Of course it will be easy to say that we have never enlarged our dominions from corrupt and immoral motives, but always against our will, and when we had no choice but to enlarge them or forfeit our national existence. This is practically true, but the way in which we have discredited similar pleas when put forward by other nations tends to place us before the world in the light of designing hypocrites.

The false position in which we have been placed by the bellicose rhetoric about the independence and integrity of Turkey has done mischief already in our relations with Egypt. It is a notorious fact that a year ago the Government might have acquired, quietly, unostentatiously, and without provoking any jealous recriminations from other Powers, all the control over Egypt that our purposes require. The Khedive has shown, by his acceptance of the arrangement proposed by Messrs. Goschen and Joubert, that he can take a sufficiently rational view of his own interests in the land of the Pharaohs. There was no reason why our Government should not have effected then an arrangement with him of a different sort, by which his interests might have been identified with the interests of our country. If our statesmen and diplomatists are equal to their duties, there was nothing in the task which should have been beyond their abilities. But they allowed the golden moment to slip, as they have allowed many other golden moments to slip before and since for doing a solid unostentatious service. We may seek the explanation in that unprecedented want of decision which has marked the career of the present Cabinet; but there can be little doubt that the fear of doing anything which might show disrespect to that sound and glorious fabric, the Ottoman Empire, was one of the circumstances which tied their hands from well-doing. It may be surmised, also, that a quiet unsensational way of acquiring the needful control over Egypt was not showy enough for their tastes. It is quite possible that now, when the voice of the nation calls upon them to do something for British interests, while it forbids them to go to war with Russia without a sufficient object, they are meditating some *coup de théâtre*, which shall give us possession in a sensational way of what might have been ours already by more sober means. But their neglect of those means at the fitting season must not be forgotten to them, if they should suddenly raise the curtain on a military occupation of Egypt; and we shall do well to lay at the proper door the blame of the charges of selfish inconsistency and perfidy which, in such an event, we may expect to hear from our neighbours.

THE BASIS OF THE PORTE'S CIRCULAR.

The Porte has not succeeded by its Circular to the Powers in inducing any of them to mediate between Turkey and Russia. It was hardly to be expected that the Circular would prove persuasive, seeing that the ground on which it based its appeal is the ground on which it rejected the proposals of the Conference, and the ground on which it protested against the Czar's declaration of war, namely, that the Constitution granted by the Sultan to his subjects at the beginning of the year is a sufficient guarantee for their liberties. The subject of reform, the Circular says, has been placed by this Constitution "out of consideration" between Turkey and the Powers; "what reason, then, can exist for continuing the war?" The Powers have refused to take this view of the matter, and there is so much the less reason for criticising a Constitution, the hollow character of which is properly appreciated by those in authority; but as the partisans of Turkey in this country persist in repeating that the reforms conceded by the Sultan give to his subjects all the security that they can reasonably desire, it is worth while to reprint Lord Salisbury's remarks on the Constitution of which his chief has spoken in terms of high praise. Events have succeeded each other with such rapidity that the estimate of the Constitution formed by the representative of England at the Conference, under all the responsibility of his mission, seem to have been too generally forgotten. The following is the full text of Lord Salisbury's letter to the Foreign Secretary:—

In the course of the pending negotiations, much stress has been laid, by the Turkish plenipotentiaries, as well as by the Grand Vizier, upon the Constitution that has been granted by the Sultan. Its provisions are frequently appealed to as though their existence furnished a conclusive answer to the suggestion of any arrangements inconsistent with them, and its proclamation is looked upon as a sufficient guarantee that former abuses will cease, and that promises of reforms which have hitherto been neglected will henceforth be faithfully fulfilled. As your lordship is aware, the suggestion has been officiously made by the Turkish Government that, in lieu of guarantees, the Conference should take act of the issue of the Constitution. It may, therefore, not be out of place if I were to submit to your lordship some observations with respect to the real effect and operation of its provisions.

If it is to have any real influence in preventing the oppression to which both Turks and Christians in so many parts of the Empire have been exposed, it must not only provide machinery for securing the enactment of wise laws, but also a pure and efficient administration for carrying those laws into execution.

For the first of these objects at least some apparent provision is made. A legislature, consisting of two Chambers, is established, not differing widely in its constitution from that which existed in France during the Second Empire.

If it were possible to entertain the hypothesis of a free election under the existing circumstances of the Turkish Empire, some importance would attach to the clauses by which the qualification of deputies is defined. Among other matters, it is provided that they must be inhabitants of the province that they represent, that they must know Turkish, that after the lapse of four years they must be able to read it, and "autant que possible" to write it, and that they are disqualified for election if they are "notoirement déconsidérés par leur conduite." It is difficult to see how the provisions relating to the Turkish language are to be carried into effect. But they will certainly give an overwhelming advantage to the Mahommedan population, and as the writing of Turkish is a rare accomplishment among the Christian population, the requirement of it will enable the Government to exclude, in a great majority of cases, the persons who are distasteful to them. The last disqualification is capable of

being so interpreted as to place the exclusion of any individual entirely at the discretion of the Administration.

The Powers conferred upon this legislature are not extensive. It votes upon the measures submitted to it by the Sultan; but the Chamber of Deputies has, apparently, only the power of amending provisions objected to by the Senate. The two Chambers conjointly may petition the Sultan to introduce a new law "sur les matières comprises dans leurs attributs," a limitation of which no explanation is anywhere furnished, but unless the Sultan consents, the law cannot be introduced. The law of the Budget stands upon a special footing. It must be introduced at the beginning of every Session, and is voted, chapter by chapter, by the Chamber of Deputies. In this case, the power of Amendment is conceded to the Chamber; but, as no decision can be taken without the assent of the Ministers, this power has little practical value. If the Government desire to spend any money, or to raise any revenue without the authority of the Assembly, and in its absence, they can do so, but a law embodying the proceeding must be presented in the ensuing Session. The Constitution does not say what consequences would follow in case the law of justification should not pass. Subject to the same undefined responsibility, the Government may, in the absence of the Assembly, issue a decree on any matter which they think it necessary to deal with, and (if it be not contrary to the Constitution) the decree has the force of law.

The Chamber of Deputies may also pass a resolution to ask a question of a Minister; but this privilege, like others, is restrained from excess by a reservation. The Minister may postpone his answer if he thinks fit.

The Ministers are declared to be responsible. Their responsibility consists in the provision that they may, if the Sultan thinks fit, but not otherwise, be tried by a procedure not yet determined on.

Any doubt arising as to the meaning of any part of the Constitution is solved by the Senate, which is nominated by the Sultan.

It is obvious that even if this Constitution were in operation among a people attached to liberty, and were practically worked by independent Representatives, it would have but a slender effect in checking maladministration and restraining the abuse of power. But there is no probability of the appearance of popular leaders who would work the liberties granted, such as they are, for the purpose of restraining the Government, for an unlimited power of exile is by a special enactment reserved to the Sultan, and any person exiled loses his seat as Senator or Deputy.

The portion of the Constitution which concerns the Chamber is elaborated with considerable care. The rest of its provisions only exist in skeleton. Many broad principles are laid down; but their execution is referred to laws which are not yet in existence, or to "règlements" which are to be issued by the Sultan. The appointment, qualifications, and jurisdiction of all functionaries, the constitution of tribunals, and the administration of the provinces, are dealt with in this manner. It is, of course, impossible to forecast the character of the legislation which will be adopted upon these important matters. The dismissal of functionaries at their discretion is especially reserved to the Government.

These observations will enable your lordship to judge how far the Constitution can be looked upon as a guarantee against maladministration or a restraint upon the excesses of arbitrary power. The Representatives of the Powers have not been as yet officially placed in possession of the proposals which the Grand Vizier, I believe, intends to make, that an official communication of the Constitution to the Conference should be accepted as a guarantee on the part of the Porte in lieu of all others that have been proposed. But they have been consulted upon the subject, and their opinion appears to be that no serious importance could be attached to such a guarantee.

Since the Constitution was promulgated nothing has happened to falsify Lord Salisbury's expectations as to its working. The Sultan's unlimited powers of exile have been put in force against the author of the Constitution himself.

THE VICTORY AND ITS FRUITS.

(From a French Contributor.)

The sudden resolution which the Marshal has taken to put an end to the crisis and call in a Republican Ministry has without doubt astonished the whole world. It will perhaps be easy for the historians of the future to show how it could not have been otherwise. At any rate, France may be congratulated on the happy result. Last week everything was ready for civil war. Of the two sides the one regarded this eventuality with grief, the other with hope, but neither of them believed it possible that it could be avoided. The Government were pushing openly in that direction. The information published by the *Daily News* at the beginning of this week has already indicated the principal measures which would have been taken. But the Parisian correspondent of that journal was far from knowing the whole truth, and even now it has not been made known with sufficient fulness to explain all the circumstances. The Committee of 33, in the course of their inquiry, have collected some very grave facts, which they have resolved to keep secret till the true criminal is discovered. The commanding officers of corps were not all consulted by the conspirators; some of them, whose assent was doubted by the Ministry, have even seen instructions sent from Paris to pass over their heads in defiance of military rank addressed to colonels of known adherence to Monarchy. The Commission has evidently much to discover beyond what it has already brought to light, and the history of the abortive *coup d'état* will be a curious one to study.

It must meantime be recognised that if the Ministry of May 16 have found in the army and in the administration of the finances more obstacles than might have been believed, the merit of the patriotic refusals belongs not only to the good Frenchmen who declined to be drawn into treasonable practices, but also and above all to the chiefs of the Republican majority. It was by maintaining united to the last day the forces of the Liberal party, by offering to honest men the guarantee—the assurance—that the Left could form a Government which would keep within legality and compel others to keep within it, that the leaders of the Chamber prevented the defections which otherwise might have taken place. People go willingly with the stronger party, even when they protest with all their hearts against injustice. Now it has always been evident that the Republicans would prove the stronger party. They displayed, one remembers, an almost exaggerated optimism, which brought upon them, and especially on M. Gambetta, the pleasantries of the reactionary Press. But this confidence in the issue of the struggle came to them from a legitimate consciousness of their strength. They had a plan of campaign upon which they could rely.

Everyone knows that the campaign has been conducted by the Committee of 18, an association formed of the most influential members of the majority in the Lower Chamber, Left Centre, Republican Left, Republican Union, and Extreme Left. This Directing Committee had succeeded after the union of the Chambers to the Left Committee of the Senate whose action during the electoral campaign we have already explained. The Ministerial journals cried out loudly in November against the illegality of this Committee. They compared it to the Committee of Public Safety of terrible memory in which Robespierre, St. Just, and Carnot organised the revolution. They have not perceived that it has worked without interruption since 1871. It is this very union which enables the Republicans to hold in check the crushing majority of their opponents, through the firmness and moderation of the Directing Committee which discusses the legislative questions, settles the order of the debates, and shares the labours among the orators. The only difference that can be established between the old council and the new is that formerly it was less numerous, and was composed solely of the "Bureau" of the four Republican groups, that is to say, of about twelve persons. Since the crisis, in order to give more authority to this nexus of the forces of the party, the chiefs of each of the unions, MM. Marcère, Gambetta, Lepère, and Louis Blanc, have permanently joined it.

The deliberations of the Committee have always been kept strictly secret. We can state that many of the most influential deputies know nothing of the subjects which are discussed by it. Even at the present moment it is almost impossible to know how the *coup*

d'état was to be prevented. We may mention, however, certain characteristic details. Each deputy of the majority was warned that he might receive at any moment, in the case of any attempt being made, a personal notice telling him where to hide himself, and the railway station outside Paris where he should join his colleagues and the Republican army. The youth of the party was organised into brigades, was full of devotion, and knew how, and from whom, the word of command was to come, and where each group was to rendezvous. The idea of armed resistance in the streets of Paris was without partisans. This curious result would have ensued if the Government had attempted a violent dissolution; it would have summoned to the capital almost all the troops from the provinces, and the trains would have returned to the southern towns carrying with them the Parisians to their rendezvous, at the call of the Committee of 18.

Happily, however, all that is now matter of history. The Government has changed hands. Of the nine Ministers, five are Protestants; this simple fact gives the keynote to the change of policy in a country where the Protestants form hardly a quarter of the population, and that, too, on the eve of a Conclave. Practically the electoral struggle has been conducted on religious ground. It is to be remarked further that the colleagues chosen by M. Dufaure belong to the Left Centre. The Left had the right to a large share in the distribution of portfolios. Having borne the brunt of the fight, they ought to have had the reward of success. M. Dufaure has not taken into his combination any of the most eminent members of the Left, but, as a compensation for this, the idea has been conceived of giving to that party the posts of under-secretaries in the different departments. It is thus that M. Lepère, the celebrated *avocat* of Auxerre, one of the most distinguished of forensic orators, has been connected with M. de Marcère in the Ministry of the Interior. At the same time the departments have been cleared of every one of the most dangerous officials, who would have maintained themselves under all *régimes* on the plea that they alone knew the departmental machinery. M. Paul Bert, the physiological *savant*, has consented to quit his laboratory to become Under-Secretary of Public Instruction. The choice is a most happy one. M. Bardoux is, in all University matters, notoriously Conservative. It was possible that the most urgent reforms which M. Waddington might have seen fit to introduce would have been thwarted by the ill-will of the Bureaux. M. Paul Bert, in virtue of his position, will be more in contact with the details than the Minister himself, who is necessarily occupied with the general policy. He will thus be able to carry into effect all improvements in the higher education to which he has long devoted his attention. These two under-secretaries, M. Lepère and M. Bert, come from the same place, Auxerre in Burgundy. Friends from infancy, they made their political *début* together in 1871. Their popularity in the Yonne is immense; they have transformed the peasants and vine-growers of the district into Republicans, which was no easy task. M. Léon Say, the Minister of Finance, has for his assistant M. Cochery, who was Reporter-General in the Budget Commission. He holds the key of the Treasury; we hope he will be able to keep it full. M. Freycinet, Senator for the Seine, a personal friend of M. Gambetta's, has no under-secretary. M. Cyprien Girerd is the second in the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture. This honour was due to the Deputy of the Nièvre, the rival department to Normandy.

These are the chief contributions which the Left have contented themselves with making to the new Government. The question has been raised as to whether the Under-Secretaries of State should take part in the councils. We do not think that it will be answered in the affirmative. With regard to the prefectoral movement, which has overthrown eighty-three prefects out of eighty-seven, it has been marked by the same characteristics as the choice of Ministers. Almost all the new prefects belong to the most moderate section of the Republican party. Let us hope they will be able to satisfy everyone. Their task is certainly easy. The people have been so exasperated by the ridiculous chiefs given to them by May 16 that the new officials have their sympathies in advance. France is now tranquil, for some time at least, it is to be hoped, for the period of senatorial struggles approaches, and this will be the last effort of the Monarchical coalition. The enemies of the Republic look forward to a signal revenge at this period, and are hopeful that the mistakes of the Republicans may afford the opportunity. But they have been so often deceived in their machinations that it is probable that on this occasion their hopes will receive a final blow.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE ARMY.

The defect which Napoleon is said to have pointed out in English soldiers certainly seems to exist equally in English women; they do not know that they have lost the battle, and they go on all the same. They will not understand their case and retreat—and that is very hard on their antagonists, for it cannot be but disheartening and confusing to any combatants to find the outmanœuvred troops who ought, if they had but the sense to see it, to be flying from the field in disorder, obtusely standing to their guns and attacking and advancing and behaving themselves altogether as if it was they who were winning. Defeating such troops naturally gets fatiguing before the fight is over, and the result of their obtuseness is apt to be that their defeats culminate in a signal victory at last. And a signal victory is what the Women's Suffrage women resolutely affirm that they will have; they look upon a check as a mere matter of detail, part of the process. Such an incident, they consider, may not be exactly agreeable, but it was to be looked for, and now it has happened the next thing is to go on going forward. Each time their Bill has been thrown out in Parliament they have instantly set to work holding more public meetings, printing more pamphlets, signing more petitions, and all the while they have steadily, and even rapidly, gained ground. And they accept with more than equanimity the augmenting violence of their opponents in the House of Commons, looking upon it as quite a cheering circumstance, "for," say they, "the tremendousness of the efforts made to whip up a majority against us is in itself an assurance of the progress we are making; if the measure could be defeated with little trouble, only little trouble would be taken."

Their Bill to remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women has been six times rejected. No matter—or rather all the better; six is just a nice number for failures. That spider Robert Bruce saw six times fail to throw her thread and succeed the seventh is reported to have been similarly observed by other victors in a defeat stage of victory. As the Women's Suffrage women, whether from housewifely conscientiousness pure and uncorrupt or from Machiavellian policy, make it a point of honour to be notable, one must not venture to assume that any of them, sitting brooding in her own chamber at home, caught sight of the prognosticating insect at work on her walls; but she may have remarked one when she took her walks abroad, or in the house of a non-suffrage friend, and may have been inspirited for the coming effort. At all events, spider or no spider, the effort is to be. And there is no secret about it; the enemy is forewarned. Paragraphs in a dozen newspapers, evidently on authority, have informed all whom it may concern that there is to be another battle next session; the Bill will be voted on the seventh time.

The phalanx stands united, nothing changed in it; but there is a new leader. Mr. Jacob Bright, it is announced, has been compelled by the state of his health to relinquish that post, and Mr. Leonard Courtney accepts it. The Women's Suffragites may safely be congratulated on the successor they have found to the leader who has so long and so well earned their gratitude. To begin with, Mr. Courtney is a dauntless champion.

His courage and his ears can stand any amount of assault. His recent prowess will be remembered—how when the oxen encompassed him, gaping upon him with their mouths as it were a ramping and a roaring lion, he stood Van Amburgh-like amid them, drank a glass of water, and went on with his speech. His advocacy of the cause of which he is now elected chief advocate is no new matter; he was earnest for it when it was not merely unfashionable but unpopular. He is known to be possessed not only of highly educated and proved ability but of that practical perception of means and possibilities which is of all qualities—excepting perhaps the quality of selfishness—the surest safeguard against the fascinations of crotchets. It may perhaps without too much rashness be inferred from the Bulls of Basan episode just referred to that he is obstinate; and obstinacy is a very fine gift in the leader of a reform movement.

The demand of the Women's Suffrage societies continues to be what it was, in spite of the tempting provocation of their opponents to widen it to cover the case of married women. They accept with placidity—especially the married ones—any statements that may be made about the superiority, moral and mental, of wives to spinsters and widows, they are quite willing to admit that it will be a pity the advantages of the wisdom and experience of the women enhanced by husbands should be lost to the nation simply because they are so enhanced, but they are not going to run the risk of asking too much. They content themselves with taking the electoral qualification as they find it and claiming that all and any women who have this qualification, with no disqualification apart from the fact of womanhood, should be allowed to vote; if, because of laws which affect the status and property of married women, only spinsters and widows can fulfil the conditions, they do not hold themselves responsible for the exclusion of the British matrons so highly venerated—once a year—in the House of Commons. They do not feel themselves called on to defend it; and they do not feel themselves called on to insist on a revision of the conditions of married life as a preliminary to asking for the suffrage for such women as are at present living under precisely the conditions prescribed by the electoral laws for electors. Probably they find it all the easier to keep within the limits prescribed them by those confounders of logic, things as they are, that they take it that there can be no real division of the interests of spinster, wife, and widow so long as every one woman has the possibility of being in turn all the three. This is a view of the case which seems to escape certain orators who, in the edifying thrills of a comprehensive uxoriousness, raise the war-cry of all the married women against all the single ones, and, so to speak, shy their wives' wedding-rings in their aunts' and sisters' faces.

But, supposing Mr. Courtney, like a modern and more fortunate Conon, to have led on the 11,000 virgins, more or less, not to shipwreck and martyrdom but, by good steering and good fighting, to the reward of the franchise in this world, what will they do with it? "Plunge England into interminable war," says one; "Sacrifice the honour of the country for the sake of peace," says another. "Bring us under the yoke of the priesthood, and set up an abject conservativism" says one; "Abolish morality and masculine authority, and hurry us into political anarchy," says another. There are fears that they will make matrimony illegal, suppress cooking, and have the Prime Minister chosen for his good looks and his skill at lawn-tennis. It is also apprehended that they will at once throw off all their present customs, tastes, virtues, and attractions—which, as is well-known, are the compensations bestowed on them by nature for the absence of a vote—and will become coarse-featured unmannerly hybrids, men-hating and hateful to men. They will wear coats and trousers, they will refuse to sew on shirt-buttons, they will leave off *poudre de riz* and auricomiferous waters, they will be Bishops and Judges, and will break all the commandments. And they will wind up by enacting a law against men which will compel the men to rise in arms to resist it, and there will be a sanguinary pitched battle between all the males and all the females in the country, in which the physical force of thews and sinews will prevail and so most of the women will be shot down, and then everybody left alive can start fair again and there will be no more votes for women.

Qui vivra verra. The women will get their votes some day, for the men will get tired of refusing them. And then it will probably be found out that it was never worth while to refuse. Women will be women, and men will be men, as before, and no less able than before to dazzle themselves with each others' merits when in love and to discern each others' defects when out of love. In matters of legislation their interests will be found to be the same, with the same modifications by the same circumstances, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; and the hundredth will be some matter specially affecting women, in which it will come to be admitted that it is, in the long run, to the advantage of men also that women should have a voice. The women, as a class, will be the better by all the educating and nerving influence of the suffrage and its stamp of equal rights and responsibilities, and the men, as a class, will be none the worse; while, as a nation, men and women together will gain by the removal of an unnecessary inequality, which, like all unnecessary inequalities, disturbs the balance of relations and lessens the just importance of superiorities that really have their reason.

THE TELEPHONE.

Though we have had this wonderful instrument in our country for the last six months—long enough for the public to have taken up and forgotten half-a-dozen such hobbies—there seems no abatement in the interest and curiosity with which it is regarded. The inventor is mobbed whenever he delivers a lecture on it. A fortnight ago the Society of Arts house was crammed with an eager crowd, while a crowd still larger went away disappointed at not even being able to reach the staircase leading to the lecture-room; and last Wednesday, when the same lecture was repeated in a larger room, the audience was even more numerous. The *Times* never appears without at least a foot-note on the subject, and our old friend *Punch* reflects the popular spirit in an amusing series of "telephonic" extravagancies. Of course the critics are not silent; and as happened with a well-known contemporary a few Saturdays ago, they occasionally relieve their bitterness of soul by remarks which show spleen rather than knowledge of the subject. Of course the truth lies somewhere between the enthusiasts and the fault-finders. The telephone is already something better than a "scientific toy," but it may fairly be doubted whether it is yet quite matured as a practical invention. The simplicity indeed of the instrument is such that in this direction there is little room for improvement. A magnet, a thin metal disc, a coil of fine wire, and such convenient framework of wood as may best hold the parts in their relative positions—this is all that is required. Any amateur mechanic, with a lathe and a little care, can turn out telephones for himself, and probably this will prove one of the hindrances in the way of the inventor realising the reward he certainly deserves. But if the instrument is one of the greatest simplicity, it is also one of the greatest delicacy. Its whole action depends on the precise adjustment between the magnet and the vibrating plate. A few hundredths of an inch make the difference between success and failure; a little warping of the wooden holder, a slight jar, may suffice to throw out the adjustment, and to reset the instrument is too delicate a job for anybody without some amount of mechanical skill. Very probably these defects may be obviated by care in the construction or by improved arrangements, but they seem to exist at present. Another possible source of failure may be looked for in the liability of permanent magnets to lose their magnetism and become useless; though, as it appears that very feeble magnets are all

that is wanted, this may not be of so much importance as in the various electro-magnetic instruments which usually depend for their action on powerful magnets. Apart from these really trifling defects, the instrument seems, if capable of development, yet quite fit for practical use. It is not, of course, as easy to hold a conversation through a telephone as across a table; and as the sounds are very low, they can only be distinctly heard in tolerable quiet, but there is not the slightest difficulty in conducting ordinary business transactions through a telephone, any more than there is through a speaking-tube. Whether the extended use of the invention is likely to be checked by the extravagant price Professor Bell has, it appears, put upon it, is another matter. Perhaps the opponents of Patent Laws might go some way before they could find a better text for a diatribe against them. It is certain that, without any protective laws, the telephone would have been invented and perfected. It is also certain that it would be very extensively used, and probably improved. The public, therefore, have gained nothing by this patent; on the other hand, they have lost considerably. A man makes an important invention—or rather a scientific discovery—he patents it, and is thereby enabled to charge fifty pounds for an apparatus which, if sold for five, would leave a liberal profit to the vendor. To add to the anomaly, in a neighbouring country where there is no patent, the most important part of the apparatus is sold for fourteen shillings. All that can be said is that the Patent Law, like other human institutions, has its weak side, and probably, in the present instance, the patentee does not quite see where his own interest lies.

It is a curious fact that the patent for the telephone—which, as it is, appears perfectly impregnable—only just escaped anticipation by descriptions of the apparatus being published in this country before application was made for the patent. Several scientific papers gave descriptions of a telephone, which had an electric battery and a membrane with a tiny plate of iron on it. Luckily for Professor Bell, none of them described the latest and best form, which has a permanent magnet and a metal disc without any membrane. Slight as seems the distinction, it is all-sufficient, and it increases the price of a telephone at least 1,000 per cent.

It has often been noticed that the most brilliant inventions are made by men outside their own professions—men to some extent unfamiliar with the ordinary processes adapted to produce the results they are aiming at. To this the telephone is no exception. It has long been a dream of electricians to discover a means of transmitting sound. To those most capable of appreciating the difficulties in the way of attaining such an end, the dream seemed impossible of realisation, and it was reserved for a professor of "vocal physiology" (whatever that may mean) to light accidentally on the most startling discovery of recent years. Probably no electrician would have attempted Professor Bell's experiments. Luckily he was not an electrician, and so, like many another inventor, he tried a most unlikely route, and found it led to unlooked-for success. In saying this, we are far indeed from trying to minimise the value or the credit of Professor Bell's great discovery. Indeed, all the more credit is due to the man who strikes out away from the beaten track. It is no small comfort to those who are far behind the great masters of science to find that something may be done, something fresh discovered, without having to work up to the leaders and pass them. Seeing how much is to be learnt in every branch of science, the beginner must often despair almost of acquiring a fair share of existing knowledge, let alone of being able to add to the general stock. To see the greatest discovery in a most important branch of science made by one who candidly admits that his chief studies in that branch were made after his discovery, is a lesson which our younger men of science would do well to take to heart.

The new discovery once made, it remains for those who have made a special study of the subject to work it out. As yet we have had practically no improvements in the telephone since it first assumed a practical shape. What slight modifications of size and form there have been made in it seem all to have been the result of practical trial, empirical rather than scientific. We know no more about the theory of its action now than when we first heard of it. Here, in fact, the wisest of us are on a par with the most ignorant, and can only wonder. Our chief electricians have suggested absolutely nothing. Sir William Thomson is content to admire. Professor Tyndall is said to have been experimenting in Albemarle Street, but we hear of no results. Probably this state of things will not last long. All over the country experimenters are infringing Professor Bell's patents—it is a fact that the demand for the special sort of insulated wire used in the construction of telephones has very greatly increased—and we may rest assured that before very long we shall have the whole theory of the instrument thoroughly worked out, and then, as has happened with almost all telegraphic apparatus, we shall have great improvements on the original form. For the sake of the first inventor, we may hope that no substitute will be found for the metal plate and the permanent magnet; but, in view of so many possible rivals, Professor Bell, if he takes a friend's advice, will make hay while the sun shines, and sell as many telephones as he can before something better elbows the present arrangement out of the market.

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

Did you ever make a study of the Frenchman in London? Probably not; though you are familiar with the Pole in Paris, the Russian in Berlin, and the German on the banks of the Volga. But you are not alone in this. It is the way with pilgrims of pleasure; we know far more about the Colosseum or Cheops than we do of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

The Frenchman in London is a study full of interesting variety; he should be looked up, for though among his varied groupings there are not all those delicate lights and shades of French character that exist between the *pequin chic* of the Paris boulevards and the *titi en blouse* of the Belleville quarter, you will find in his circle a curious epitome of Nature's vagaries. Often there is a touch of romance attaching to him, and oftener a spice of humour. Sometimes he has been drawn across La Manche busied upon occult schemes, the which involve a hundred strange episodes, all worth the hearing; or some fluctuating tide in affairs of the heart has borne him here for a while, and he tries to believe that this busy, gold-seeking metropolis, if it hold his mistress, brings him the joys of pleasure-palpitating Paris—while in reality he is suffering all the pangs of *ennui à mourir*. There is many a case of the boulevardier coming to London, armed with letters of recommendation, and full of some great purpose, to settle down among us for a twelvemonth; then at the lapse of a fortnight throwing up all his cherished plans, and to secure the non-interference of opposing events, buying his return ticket a week before his return.

The English residents of Paris are camped in its choicest quarter; the French residents in London have chosen, and still choose for a settlement one of the vilest of our centres. This, at the first blush, seems an anomaly. But the problem is easily solved. The French come over, prompted by entirely different motives to our own, when we visit the modern Babylon. Paris is our pleasure-house—London is their refuge; we go to scatter gold—they come to pick it up; we go in all prosperity to trot out our steppers, or stretch our tweeded limbs in the sunshine—they come in adversity to hide away a pale sorrow or a red crime in this ghastly vicinity of vice.

Perhaps in no metropolis has a nation so identified itself with, and made a quarter more its own, than the French have done in adopting Leicester Square and its tributary streets. Even in the superficial outdoor life this makes itself apparent; you cannot move a yard without encountering constant reminders of its indivi-

duality. Besides the conversation of the ordinary passers-by some pinched and crooked beldame—a hag such as up to that moment you believed could exist nowhere outside a kiosk; or some *gamin* of the true Parisian cast—lean, bony, and quick-witted—proffer you, in plaintive minor keys, the latest editions of the *Gaulois*, the *Figaro*, or the *Petit Journal*.

But it is in some hotel, café, or restaurant in the streets lying north of the Alhambra, that you get an all-round view of the Frenchman as he is among us, for these are the centres to which French life converges. At such you will hear, amidst the rattle of dominoes and dice, the expatriated Communist heaping curses upon his compatriots, while he snaps his fingers and chuckles triumphantly at the effete administrators of the Prefecture of Police; or the chef de claqueurs of some boulevard theatre, in the pretended guise of ex-journalist, giving himself newspaper airs about the English drama; or a disqualified officer of the Imperial Guard, whose shoulders have suffered from chronic shruggings of contempt since his epaulets were ignominiously torn from them; then there are travelling actors, who have traversed the Old and the New World, and whose every word and gesture tell you that it's all a stage; with those restless birds of passage—*professeurs de langues*—sent across the seas from one cormorant scholastic agent to the other; hollow-cheeked *danseuses*, who loudly discuss insular virtue, and cite Windmill Street *par exemple*; and gallant ladies with gay complexions and noisy robes, who drink bad champagne and laugh unmusically.

Rarely absent from the chief of these gatherings is a certain Communist, a well-known character; his white hair and wiry blue-grey beard, his watchful grey eyes under his black casquet, his blood-red neckcloth and soiled ribbon orders on his greasy coat, are familiar to many Londoners. His portrait has appeared in cheap Parisian prints in company with those of his communal brethren whose days are now ended or spent in New Caledonia; and he was for some time a contributor to that curious sheet *Père Duchesne*. During the trials at Versailles he contrived to escape to Switzerland, where he for some weeks remained in hiding. Thence he proceeded to the home of his brother exiles, Leicester Square. Whilst among us his one aim has been to place before the British public an account of the martyrdom he has gone through for his dear country's sake, and even now, if he should chance to meet anyone however slightly connected with the republic of letters, he does not cease to pursue him till all hope of getting into print has died away. He is a man of many injuries. This hero of the pen and of the sword will tell you himself how, not only his own country has misinterpreted his actions, and done its best to ruin him, but how here—even here, where justice is so freely dealt out, authors of recognised rank have retained the MSS. of his memoirs with a view to their publication at his death. "Sapristi! ces Anglais, qu'ils sont bêtes!" When he tells his troubles to the company, his mode of utterance is a study of savage eloquence; his eyes have all the spiteful grin-power of a cat's while his white teeth glitter under his prickly moustache, and his long bony fingers seem playing with some victim powerless of defence. The hostess of the hotel, a huge Breton dame, often opposes him in the middle of some onslaught, and holds her ground against him with all the obstinacy of her race. But, with all her unwillingness to surrender to his opinions, she never loses her stereotyped expression of affability; her contradictions melt into smiles broad and persuasive, or at worst drift into the interrogatory forms of raised eyebrows and uplifted hands. This stout lady of Bretagne has a tiny wizen husband, whose position in the hotel is a sinecure. He sits curled up in a corner of the "bureau" like a dissipated hedgehog all day long, imbibing absinthe and smoking his long Vienna pipe. One thing alone ruffles the even tenor of his lethargy—this is, any failing on the part of lodgers to pay up their bills. Such things are too much for him, and break the alcoholic spell; all the pent-up fire of absinthine rage flares up; he raves at "*ma femme*," raves at Baptiste, the waiter, and, but for the interference of "*ma femme*," would address the whole *table d'hôte* in the lowest forms of *catéchisme poissard*. "*Ma femme*," however, with coaxings soft and forcible, leads him back to his retreat, and plies him with nepenthe till his soul is once more numb.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

On that Monday morning, when we left Denver to seek Bell's distant home in these pale blue mountains, there was no great rejoicing among us. It was the last day of our long journeying together; and we had been pleasantly associated: moreover, one of us was going to leave her dearest friend in these remote wilds, and she was rather downhearted about it. Happily the secret exultation of Lady Sylvia, which could not altogether be concealed, kept up our spirits somewhat: we wondered whether she was not going to carry her husband's portmanteau for him, so anxious was she about his comfort.

The branch line of rail that pierces for some distance the Clear Creek canyon takes a circuitous course on leaving Denver through some grassy plains which are intersected by narrow and muddy rivulets, and are sufficiently uninteresting; so that there was plenty of opportunity for these sojourners to sketch out something of their plans of living for the information of the new comer. But Balfour—who, by the way, had got thoroughly bronzed by his travelling—would not hear of all the fine pleasure-excursions that the lieutenant was for planning out.

"We are under enough obligation to you," said he, "even if I find I can do this thing; but if I discover that I am of no use at all, then your charity would be too great. Let us get to work first; then, if the way is clear, we can have our play afterwards. Indeed you will be able to command my attendance, once I have qualified myself to be your servant."

"Yes, that is reasonable," said the lieutenant.

"I am quite sure," said Lady Sylvia, "that my husband would be a poor companion for you, so long as our affairs are unsettled——"

"And besides," said Balfour, with a laugh, "you don't know what splendid alternative schemes I have to fall back on. On the voyage over I used to lie awake at night and try to imagine all the ways in which a man may earn a living who is suddenly made penniless. And I got up some good schemes, I think: good for a man who could get some backing, I mean."

"Will you please to tell us some of them?" said Queen T., with no apparent sarcasm. "We are so often appealed to for charity; and it would be delightful to be able to tell poor people how to make a fortune."

"The poor people would have to have some influence. But would you like to hear my schemes? They are numberless; and they are all based on the supposition that in London there are a very large number of people who would pay high prices for the simplest necessaries of life, provided you could supply these of the soundest quality. Do you see? I take the case of milk, for example. Think of the number of mothers in

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London who would pay a double price for milk for their children, if you could guarantee them that it was quite unwatered and got from cows living wholesomely in the country instead of in London stalls? That is only one of a dozen things. Take bread, for example. I believe there are thousands of people in London who would pay extra for French bread if they only knew how to get it supplied to them. Very well: I step in with my association—for the wants of a great place like London can only be supplied by big machinery—and I get a duke or two and a handful of M.P.'s with me to give it a philanthropic look; and of course they make me manager. I do a good public work; and I benefit myself."

"Do you think you would succeed as the manager of a dairy?" said Queen T., gently.

"As well, probably," said he, laughing, "as the manager of Mrs. von Rosen's mines and farms! But having got up the company, you would not ask me to look after the cows."

"Oh, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, anxiously, "I hope you will never have anything to do with any company. It is that which has got poor papa into such trouble. I wish he could leave all these things for a time; and come out here for a holiday: it would do him a great deal of good."

This filial wish did not seem to awaken any eager response, though Mrs. von Rosen murmured something about the pleasure it would give her to see Lord Willowby. We had not much hope of his lordship consenting to live at a ranch.

And now we drew near the Rockies. First of all, rising from the plains, we encountered some ridges of brown, seared, earthy-looking hills, for the most part bare, though here and there the crest was crowned by a ridge of pine. At the mouth of one of the valleys we came upon Golden City, a scattered hamlet of small houses, with some trees and some thin lines of a running stream about it. Then, getting further into the mountains, we enter the narrow and deep gorge of the Clear Creek canyon, a naturally formed highway that runs and winds sinuously for about thirty miles between the huge walls of rock on either side. It was not a beautiful valley this deep cleft among the mountains; but a gloomy and desolate place, with lightning-blasted pines among the greys and reds of the fused fire-rocks; an opaque grey-green river rushing down the chasm; the trees overhead, apparently at the summit of the twin precipices, black against the glimmer of the blue sky. Here and there, however, were vivid gleams of colour; a blaze of the yellow leaves of the cottonwood, or a mass of crimson creeper growing over a grey rock. We began to wonder, too, whether this small river could really have cut this deep and narrow chasm in the giant mountains; but there, sure enough, far above us on the steep slopes, were the deep holes in the intertwisted quartz out of which the water in bygone ages must have slowly worked the boulders of some alien material. There were other holes, too, visible on the sides of this gloomy gorge, with some brown earth in front of them, as if some animal had been trying to scrape for itself a den there: these were the "prospect holes" that miners had bored to spy into the secrets of the everlasting hills. Down below us, again, was the muddy stream, rushing between its beds of gravel; and certainly this railway-carriage, on its narrow gauge, seemed to tilt dangerously over towards the sheer descent and the plunging waters. The train, indeed, as it wound round the rocks, seemed to be some huge python, hunted into its gloomy lair in the mountains.

We were glad to get out of it, and into the clear sunshine, at the terminus, Floyd Hill; and here we found a couple of stage-coaches, each with four horses, awaiting to carry us still further up into the Rockies. They were strange-looking vehicles, apparently mostly built of leather, and balanced on leather springs of enormous thickness. But they soon disappeared from sight. We were lost in such clouds of dust as were never yet beheld by mortal man. Those who had gone inside to escape found that the half-dozen windows would not keep shut; and that, as they were flung hither and thither by the plunging of the coach up the steep mountain-paths, they lost sight of each other in the dense yellow clouds. And then sometimes a gust of wind would cleave an opening in the clouds; and behold! a flashing picture of pine-clad mountains, with a dark blue sky above. That jolting journey seemed to last for ever and ever; and the end of it found us changed into new creatures. But the coat of dust that covered us from head to heel had not sufficed to blind us; and now before our eyes we found the end and aim of our journey—the far hamlet of Idaho.

Bell looked round bewildered; she had dreaded this approach to her future home. And Queen T., anxious above all things that her friends' first impressions should be favourable, cried out——

"Oh, Bell, how beautiful, and clean, and bright it is!"

And certainly our first glance at Idaho, after the heat and dust we had come through, was cheering enough. We thought for an instant of Chamounix as we saw the small white houses by the side of the green, rushing stream; and the great mountains rising sheer beyond. There was a cool and pleasant wind rustling through the leaves of the young cotton-wood trees planted in front of the inn. And when we turned to the mountains on the other side of the narrow valley, we found even the lofty pinewoods glowing with colour; for the mid-day sun was pouring down on the undergrowth—now of a golden yellow—so that one could almost believe that these far slopes were covered with butter-cups. The coaches had stopped at the inn—the Beebee House, as it is called—and Colonel Sloane's heiress was received with much distinction. They showed her Colonel Sloane's house. It stood on a knoll some distance off; but we could see that it was a cheerful-looking place, with a green-painted verandah round the white walls, and a few pines and cotton-woods about. In the meantime we had taken rooms at the inn; and speedily set to work to get some of the dust removed. It was a useful occupation; for no doubt the worry of it tended to allay that nervous excitement among our women-folk from which Bell, more especially, was obviously suffering. When we all assembled thereafter at our mid-day meal, she was still somewhat pale. The lieutenant declared that, after so much travelling, she must now take a long rest. He would not allow her to go on to Georgetown for a week at least.

And was there ever in all the world a place more conducive to rest than this distant, silent, sleepy Idaho up here in the lonely mountains? When the coaches had whirled away in the dust towards Georgetown, there was nothing to break the absolute calm but the soft rustling of the small trees; there was not a shred of cloud in the blue sky to bar the glare of the white road with a bit of grateful shadow. After having had a look at Bell's house, we crossed to the other side of the valley, and entered a sort of tributary gorge between the hills which is known as the Soda Creek canyon. Here all vestiges of civilisation seemed to end, but for the road that led we knew not whither; and in the strange silence we wandered onward into this new world whose plants, and insects, and animals were all unfamiliar to us, or familiar only as they suggested some similarity to their English relatives. And yet Queen T. strove to assure Bell that there was nothing wonderful about the place except its extreme silence and a certain sad desolation of beauty. Was not this our identical Michaelmas-daisy, she asked? She was overjoyed when she discovered a real and

veritable hare-bell—a trifle darker in colour than our hare-bell, but a hare-bell all the same. She made a dart at a cluster of yellow flowers growing up among the rocks, thinking they were the mountain-saxifrage; but they turned out to be a composite plant—probably some sort of hawkweed. Her efforts to reach these flowers had startled a large bird out of the bushes above; and as it darted off, we could see that it was of a dark and luminous blue: she had to confess that he was a stranger. But surely we could not have the heart to regard the merry little chipmunk as a stranger—which of all living creatures is the friendliest, the blithest, the most comical. In this Soda Creek canyon he reigns supreme; every rock and stone and bush seems instinct with life as this Proteus of the animal world scuds away like a mouse, or shoots up the hill-side like a lizard, only, when he has got a short distance, to perch himself up on his hind legs, and curl up his bushy tail, and eye us demurely as he affects to play with a bit of mayweed. Then we see what the small, squirrel-like animal really is—a beautiful little creature with longitudinal bars of golden brown and black along his back; the same bars on his head, by the side of his bright, watchful eyes; the red of a robin's breast on his shoulders; his furry tail, jauntily cocked up behind, of a pale brown. We were never tired of watching the tricks and attitudes of this friendly little chap. We knew quite well that his sudden dart from the lee of some stone was only the pretence of fright; before he had gone a yard he would sit up on his haunches, and look at you, and stroke his nose with one of his fore-paws. Sometimes he would not even run away a yard, but sit quietly and watchfully to see us pass. We guessed that there were few stone-throwing boys about the Rocky Mountains.

Behold! the valley at last shows one brief symptom of human life; a waggon drawn by a team of oxen comes down the steep road, and the driver thereof is worth looking at, albeit his straw sombrero shades his handsome and sun-tanned face. He is an ornamental person, this bull-whacker, with the cord tassels of his buckskin jacket just appearing from below the great Spanish cloak of blue cloth that is carelessly thrown round his shoulders. Look at his whip, too—the heavy thongs of it intertwisted like serpents; he has no need of bowie-knife or pistol in these wilds while he carries about with him that formidable weapon. The oxen pass on down the valley; the dust subsides; again we are left with the silence, and the warm sunlight, and the aromatic odours of the mayweed, and the cunning antics of our ubiquitous friend, the chipmunk.

"There," said the lieutenant, looking up to the vast hill-slopes above, where the scattered pines stood black among the blaze of yellow undergrowth, "that is the beginning of our hunting-country. All the secrets are behind that fringe of wood. You must not imagine, Lady Sylvia, that our life at Idaho is to be only this dullness of walking——"

"I can assure you I do not feel it dull at all," she said, "but I am sorry that our party is to be broken up—just when it has been completed. Oh, I wish you could stay with us!" she adds, addressing another member of the party, whose hands are full of wild flowers.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," says this person, with her sweetest smile, "what would you all do if you had not us to take back your messages to England! We are to teach Bell's little girl to say Idaho. And when Christmas comes, we shall think of you at a particular hour—oh, by the way, we have never yet fixed the exact difference of time between Surrey and Idaho——"

"We will do that before you leave, Madame," says the lieutenant, "but I am sure we will think of you a good many times before Christmas comes. And when Mr. Balfour and I we have our bears, and buffaloes, and elephants, and all these things, we will see whether we cannot get something sent you in ice for your Christmas party. And you will drink our good health, Madame, will you not? And perhaps, if you are very kind, you might send us one bottle of very good Rhine wine, and we will drink your health, too. Nee! I meant two bottles, for the four of us——"

"I think we shall be able to manage that," says she; and visions of real Schloss Johannisberg, each bottle swathed in printed and signed guarantees of genuineness, no doubt began to dance before her nimble brain.

But at this moment a cold breeze came rushing down the narrow gorge; and almost at the same instant we saw the edge of a heavy cloud come lowering over the very highest peak of the mountains. Some little familiarity with the pranks of the weather in the Western Highlands suggested that, having no waterproofs, and no shelter being near, we had better make down the valley again in the direction of Idaho; and this we set about doing. The hot afternoon had grown suddenly chill. A cold wind whistled through the trembling leaves of the cotton-woods. The mountains were overshadowed; and by the time we reached Idaho again, it seemed as if the night had already come down. The women, in their thin dresses, were glad to get in-doors.

"But it is this very thing," the lieutenant cried—for he was anxious that his wife should regard her new home favourably—"that makes these places in the Rocky Mountains so wholesome; so healthful, I mean. I have heard of it from many people, who say here is the best sleeping-place in the world. It is no matter how warm it is in the day; it is always cold at night; you always must have a blanket here. The heat—that is nothing, if you have the refreshing cold of the night; people who cannot sleep anywhere else, they can sleep here very well. Everyone says that."

"Yes; and I will tell you this," he added, turning to Balfour, "you ought to have stayed some days more in Denver, as all people do, to get accustomed to the thin air, before coming up here. All the doctors say that.'

"Thank you," said Balfour, laughing, "my lungs are pretty tough. I don't suffer any inconvenience."

"That is very well, then; for they say the air of these places will kill a consumptive person——"

"Oh, Oswald!" his wife cried. "Don't frighten us all."

"Frighten you?" said he. "Will you show me the one who is likely to be consumptive? There is not any one of us does look like it. But if we all turn to be consumptive, cannot we go down to the plains? and we will give up the mountain-sheep for the antelope——"

"I do believe," said his wife, with some vexation, "that you had not a thought in coming out here except about shooting!"

"And I do believe," he said, "that you had no thought except about your children. Oh, you ungrateful woman! You wear mourning—yes; but when do you really mourn for your poor uncle? When do you speak of him? You have not been to his grave yet."

"You know very well it was yourself who insisted on our coming here first," said she, with a blushing face; but it was not a deadly quarrel.

The chillness of the night did not prevent our going out for a walk later on, when all the world seemed asleep. And now the clouds had passed away from the heavens; and the clear stars were shining down over the mystic darkness of the mountains. In the silence around us we only heard the plashing of the stream. It was to be our last night together.

LITERATURE.

IHNE'S HISTORY OF ROME.

The History of Rome. By Wilhelm Ihne. English Edition. Vol. III. London: Longmans.

The period which Dr. Ihne treats of in the volume before us is the least interesting part of the annals of Rome. In his second volume, Dr. Ihne finished the heroic struggle with Hannibal; in the present volume, he deals with the extension of Rome's dominions from 200 to 133 B.C. During this period there is nothing very striking or impressive at first sight; war succeeded war, and kingdom after kingdom fell; Macedonia and Greece were gradually subdued; Carthage was destroyed, and the Romans exulted over the annihilation of their dreaded rival; in Spain the Roman arms made slow but steady progress; Northern Italy was subjugated, and the Gauls were driven back. In all this we see Rome's rapid strides towards universal Empire; but the continuity of the process wearies us, and the uniform success of Rome robs the subject of its interest.

Heine has said that Rome showed her greatness at Rome, her littleness abroad. The greatness of the Roman lay in the mighty conception which he had formed of Rome and the tenacity with which he clung to it; when he was detached from that conception, his want of all other ideas, of all other character, became at once apparent. This is especially true of the period of Rome's conquests. As we follow her victorious armies, we see continually acts of baseness, chicanery, and perfidy, which we could not parallel in modern times; we see tyranny and oppression in her generals, which are condoned at home if they have been successful; we see pettiness and meanness in the conduct of the greatest undertakings. But behind all this, and forming a perpetual background, is the stubborn belief of the Roman people in its own destiny, the steady and persistent activity of an organised and disciplined community. This, however, does not at once come in view; we should not even gather it clearly from the history of Rome's wars of conquest if we had not her earlier and later history to guide us. We have to look back to the way in which Rome in her early days fought out within her own walls the battle between opposite parties and interests if we would understand the solidity and strength of the political ideas on which Rome rested. We have to look forward to the provincial organisation of a later age if we would understand the ultimate good which ensued to the conquered nations, whose independence was crushed under the victorious heel of Rome. The history of the Romans is only great when the Romans are in Rome itself—there all that is heroic has its root, and bears its flower. When we detach the Romans from Rome, and launch them on a career of conquest, they seem less heroic than any other of the conquering nations of the world's history.

These considerations will show why this volume of Dr. Ihne's History is necessarily dull and monotonous. He has chosen to tell us of nothing but wars and fighting; he has given an entire volume to this subject, and has not relieved it by a glimpse of the condition of affairs in Rome itself. It is surely a defect in arrangement to give us such a solid block of purely military history all at once. We should like to know how the generals who come across Dr. Ihne's pages arose to fame in Rome, and what became of them afterwards; as it is, they flit before our eyes as detached figures in a chronicle of constantly recurring war. Perhaps Dr. Ihne considered this the best way of dealing with his subject, but we think that the issue of a separate volume of such dreary contents as the one before us was at least an artistic blunder.

We have already said that the period of Rome's conquests was not the heroic period of her history. Perhaps the greatest merit of Dr. Ihne's volume is that he treats his subject thoroughly and impartially, and in so doing dispels the haze of grandeur which a slighter treatment tends to throw round the wars of Rome. The Romans conquered, not by their military skill or able generalship, but by sheer dogged persistency and perseverance. Army after army was sent out, composed of soldiers disciplined to order and obedience. Brilliant onslaughts, on the part of their foes, might rout an army or win a small success; but the Roman discipline prevented failure from becoming disastrous, and the Roman fixity of purpose seemed superhuman to the volatile peoples of the East. The Romans seemed like an overpowering destiny, and their prestige grew with every success. Their enemies advanced to meet them already subdued in spirit. Polybius' account of the battle of Cynoscephalæ shows us that that decisive victory was not due to the superior generalship of Flamininus, but to the superiority of the Roman manipular array over the Macedonian phalanx. In following Dr. Ihne's careful account of the wars of the Romans, we learn to appreciate the fundamental greatness of Rome which could advance with remorseless steadiness through blunders of detail and want of largeness of conception.

If we compare this part of Dr. Ihne's History with the corresponding period, as treated by Professor Mommsen, we do not find that Dr. Ihne's more business-like and thorough way of dealing with his authorities has done so much for him as in his preceding volumes. Details are not here so important, and there are not so many open questions as in the earlier periods. In fact, Dr. Ihne's method of following his authorities straightforwardly has led him to neglect one most important side of his subject. In reading Roman history we are interested not only in the rise of Rome, but also in the fall of the nations and kingdoms of antiquity on whose ruins the power of Rome was founded. Dr. Ihne's eyes are fixed solely upon Rome, and he makes no attempt to sketch the condition and fortune of the great historic nations which fell before Rome in the East. In this point Mommsen is far superior; his breadth of view and sympathy with the movement of universal history gives dignity and weight even to the dreary record of wars and conquest.

On a few points of detail Dr. Ihne's more sober opinion may seem to be preferable to the more imaginative view of Mommsen. Especially is this the case as regards the phil-hellenic spirit which Mommsen attributes to the Romans in their dealings with Greece. Dr. Ihne, on the other hand, looks on Flamininus as eminently Roman, and never forgetful of the fact that he was answerable to the Senate at home; his own literary tastes no more warped his judgment as a politician than did his partiality for French literature influence the actions of Frederick of Prussia. The dealings of the Romans with Greece are put down by Dr. Ihne, not to any sentimental sympathies of the Romans with Greece, but simply to political expediency; by destroying the predominance of Macedonia, and establishing a balance of power among the second-rate states, they made them all equally dependent on the protecting power of Rome. Dr. Ihne thus sums up his conclusions:—

> Though the Greeks were unable to overcome their attachment to small independent communities, to bind together in one state, the whole strength of their race, and to defend their liberty, and though they were thus the authors of their own misfortunes, yet we cannot help tracing to the perfidy of Roman policy the immediate cause of the catastrophe. If there is one thing certain and indisputable in the whole history of antiquity, it is this—that the Romans, ever since they set foot in Greece, strove steadily and systematically to undermine and to destroy the independence of the Greek people. Instead of establishing peace, they scattered the seeds of discord. With masterly skill they availed themselves of the Greek passions to keep the people in a continual ferment, and they drove them at length to a desperate resistance by heartless ill-usage, such as had never been experienced by any proud nation.

This question of the dealings of the Romans with Greece is the only one on which Dr. Ihne is at issue with other historians. In his general treatment of his subject he can claim the merit of being more full and detailed, and of following more directly the contemporary writers. His history is accurate and painstaking; that his style is not lively, arises from the fact that he is a German writing in English; that he is dull, is due partly to the fact that he has been content to follow his authorities, and to take rather a narrow view of the facts which he records.

NATHAN THE WISE.

Nathan the Wise. Translated into English Blank Verse. By Andrew Wood, M.D., F.R.S.E. London and Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

All great poets, as Mr. Emerson truly observes, are representative; "they stand amongst partial men for the complete man." Certain poets, however, are representative in a special sense; these stand not only for the complete man, but for the complete man at a given moment of his history. The spirit of the age possesses them, and compels them to become its interpreters; therefore their works have a commemorative as well as an intrinsic value; they are monuments on the brink of the great moving "river of thoughts and events," indicating its course, and bearing witness to its progress.

Such a representative poet is Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, and his dramatic poem of "Nathan the Wise" commemorates a headland turned, and a new horizon opened out before the widening river. We do not think that Mr. Froude describes the position happily when he calls the "Nathan" the finest work of the didactic kind produced in modern times. "The object of it," he goes on to say, "is to teach religious toleration; the doctrine is admirable; the mode by which it is enforced is interesting; but it has the fatal fault that it is not true. Nature does not teach religious toleration by any such direct method, and the result is that the play is not poetry but splendid manufacture. Shakespeare is eternal; Lessing's 'Nathan' will pass away with the mode of thought that gave it birth." Now, so far as the comparison with Shakespeare goes, we may confess an entire agreement with Mr. Froude. Lessing's work is not eternal in the same sense that Shakespeare's work is eternal; but then to say of a poet or dramatist that he is not Shakespeare is not necessarily to pass a very severe judgment upon him. It does not preclude the possibility of his occupying an honourable position in the ranks of genius, of his being in the very foremost ranks, for the foremost of all stands alone. And with all possible respect for Mr. Froude, it does not seem to us that the "Nathan," as a poetical production, is to be dismissed with the faint praise of an excellent moral purpose, insisted upon after an emphatic method not followed by Nature. Lessing, also, we may observe, must be accredited with some reverential affection for Nature, some perception of the vital superiority of her methods over all processes of "splendid manufacture." This was his mission in German literature; as a critic, as a dramatist, as a thinker, he called men back from following after conventional idols, to the true and eternal goddess and her profound exhaustless oracles. It were strange indeed if the devout prophet himself should have put mere "human theory" in place of these divine oracles.

As we have said, we should prefer to call "Nathan the Wise" a commemorative rather than a didactic poem. In so far as it is true to say that "its object was to teach religious toleration," we would, in direct contradiction to Mr. Froude's statement, declare that the method followed is precisely the method of Nature; the teaching is all done by illustration; the dramatist is content to put his characters before us, and to allow us to play the part of umpire. Observe, that he does not seek by any strenuous claim upon our sympathies to direct the action of our free judgment. There are no violent injuries inflicted or endured to awaken either resentment or compassion. Lessing might easily—at first sight it seems almost to the advantage of his play—have intensified the dramatic action, and given a tragic development to the incidents of the tale. The fanatical Patriarch had only to succeed in his design of discovery, and carrying off Recha, and avenging himself upon the Jew for his impious charity in succouring and bringing up as his own daughter the little desolate Christian orphan Arplian. The plot had only to succeed, and Nathan robbed of the adored child of his adoption, and in peril of his life, would have been a hundred times more unmistakably a hero—the patriarch a hundred times more undeniably an inhuman bigot. The narrow-minded Daga with her conscientious scruples, the jealous young Knight Templar, with his pride of race, would have had far more grievous cause for remorse and shame in having betrayed the noble Nathan; Saladin would have been given a more striking opportunity for displaying his magnanimity, and Sittali good confirmation of her scornful dislike for Christians, whose pride is to be Christians and not men." We may be sure that so skilled an artist as Lessing was acting deliberately when he preferred a clear and calm spiritual atmosphere to one of emotional enthusiasm. And a little consideration will show that he might well have strengthened the human interest of his drama at the expense of its supreme motive. Nathan, a martyr to religious toleration, might easily have been answered by the patriarch or lay brother, a martyr to conviction; it would still have remained a question open to dispute whether was nobler, the Martyr of Liberty or the Martyr of Faith. But Nathan, shown in pure spiritual contrast with the patriarch, mind against mind, life against life, is light made manifest by the proximity of darkness; this is the true "didactic" method of Nature, viz., simple exposition, the verdict left to "audient and beholding souls."

The verdict in these days is not doubtful. The date for the fulfilment of Mr. Froude's prophecy has arrived. The mode of thought which produced the "Nathan," which provoked it, rather, has certainly passed away. It was passing away when Lessing wrote. As has been said, he was the representative of a spiritual movement, which in politics, religion, and art expressed itself by the rejection of formulas and theories, and a passionate return towards Nature and the truths of Nature. Lessing was the first amongst those "gallant knights of the Holy Ghost," of whom Heinrich Heine claims to be one, and amongst whom Goethe of course was the ruling hero. Mr. Matthew Arnold has described this movement as "an intrepid application of the modern spirit to literature;" and what he says in his admirable essay upon Heine applies with even greater force to Lessing. "To the ideas," says Mr. Arnold, "with which the burning questions of modern life filled him, Heine made all his subject-matter minister. He touched all the great points in the career of the human race. . . . He is a great modern poet; he is not conquered by the Middle Age; he has a talisman by which he can feel, along with, but above, the power of the fascinating Middle Age itself the power of modern ideas." But Heine, Mr. Arnold rightly adds, fails from lack of dignity of character to be an adequate interpreter of the modern world; he was a brilliant rather than a "brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity." Lessing was as remarkable for dignity of character as for intellectual gifts; he was both a brave and brilliant soldier. Heine himself, who declares that, of all German writers, Lessing is the one whom he loves the most, says of him also that he was the most honourable as well as the most gifted of men; that even to advance the cause of the truth, he could not stoop to the least falsehood:—"Cet homme, le plus spirituel de l'Allemagne, en fut aussi le plus honorable. Rien ne ressemble à son amour pour la vérité . . . il pouvait tout faire pour la vérité, tout, sinon mentir." Heine is writing French for the French; it is in the volume of essays upon German literature, entitled 'De l'Allemagne,' that he makes this touching confession of his reverential affection for Lessing:—"L'Histoire littéraire est la grande morgue, où chacun vient chercher ses morts, ceux qu'on a aimés, ou avec qui on a des liens de parenté. Quand je vois parmi tout de cadavres insignifiants, Lessing ou Herder avec leurs grandes et nobles figures, le cœur me bat avec violence; il me serait impossible de passer outre, sans déposer un baiser sur leurs lèvres livides." Of the "Nathan," Heine says that it is not only an "excellent play," but a "philosophico-theological treatise in favour of pure Theism." Even here the moral purpose of the "Nathan" appears to us inadequately given; Lessing is not advocating Theism, as a creed preferable to Christianity; he is seeking to show that the religious spirit is independent of all creeds; that "temples made with hands too often prove prison-houses for souls; that

loyalty to God depends not so entirely on our dreams regarding Him." Now these principles have already taken such wide root in the modern world, that so far from regarding them as paradoxical we are disposed to look upon the assertion of them as somewhat unnecessary; when Nathan, in reply to the young Templar's half-surprised, half-scornful ejaculation—"You know how Templars ought to think"—answers, "I know how good men think; I also know that all lands bear good men," we might be listening to Professor Max Müller preaching in Westminster Abbey; even a minister of the Free Church would scarcely be called before the Presbytery for quoting Nathan's parable of the Three Kings, once regarded as almost blasphemous; and surely only Mr. Mackonochie or Cardinal Manning would nowadays be scandalised by Nathan's argument against miracles, or the gentle Recha's exclamation, "*His* God, *for* whom he fights! Then, who owns God? What kind of God is He that by a man is owned; who for Himself must let him fight." Nevertheless, although the polemical value of the "Nathan" is a thing of the past, it breathes so generous and noble a spirit of benevolence and moral dignity that it has still, and must ever continue to have, a holy and beautiful influence for the highest hearts.

It follows, as a matter of necessity from the character and purpose of the "Nathan," that the interest it excites is rather moral and intellectual than personal. At the same time, although the outline is only lightly sketched, every figure in the picture is a distinct human portrait. Recha, Daga, even Nathan, in spite of his excessive virtue, have individual features; whilst the play has two characters, which only need amplification to secure their entrance into the life of that divine world created by human genius—peopled, by mortals, with immortals. Al Hafi, the dervish, the beggar, who is made treasurer by the generous Saladin, because experience will have taught him "to give to beggars in a proper way," and who frets against the burthen of responsibility and honour, and has but one thought, to strip off the robe of honour and redeem his condition of dervish, "tread light clad, and with bare feet," the hot sands of the Ganges with other holy men, and "play with them at chess"—Al Hafi is a true creation possible only to a master hand. So also is the honest and pious lay brother, his simple human piety much bewildered by the questionable human kindness of "faith." These two characters alone would secure the "Nathan" from the fate assigned it by Mr. Froude, and prevent its "passing away," if even the moral purpose of the play had no further value.

We must always be grateful for a new translation of the "Nathan," and Dr. Wood has given us the play in very readable English. Occasionally, however, he seems to us to exaggerate simplicity of language; for instance, when he makes Nathan warn the Templar of Recha's new position in these words, "*A brother has turned up*, to whom for her you now must sue," the form of expression used is neither poetical nor polite. Again, we are a little startled when we have the gallant young Knight Templar exclaiming of Recha, Recha the visionary, Recha the white lily of maidenhood:—

> I haste to her to see
> If in this maiden's soul there's *pluck* enough
> To make her take the only resolution
> Which of her worthy were.

Dr. Wood makes mention of Mr. William Taylor's translation of the "Nathan" published some years ago; but he does not seem aware that there exists another most excellent English version by Dr. Willis, the author of the 'Life of Spinoza.' Dr. Willis is much more in sympathy with the spirit of the "Nathan" than we should judge Dr. Wood to be from the somewhat apologetic tone of his introduction. However, Dr. Wood is quite right in saying—and we repeat the observation for the benefit of those readers of the *Examiner* who may require to be reassured—that "whatever Lessing's object may have been in writing his drama, no sincere Christian is at all likely to have his faith shaken from the perusal of 'Nathan the Wise.'"

WILTON OF CUTHBERT'S.

Wilton of Cuthbert's. A Tale of Undergraduate Life Thirty Years Ago. By the Rev. R. C. Adams, M.A. London: Griffith and Farran.

The number of persons who neither know too much nor too little of University life to feel any interest in books professing to describe it is not positively small, for it is probably co-extensive with the schoolboys of England. But to what is generally known as the "reading public" such books as 'Wilton of Cuthbert's' can hardly appeal in a very powerful way. A plot which, as in that interesting work Becker's 'Gallus,' has to be trimmed and shaped in order to give opportunity for the illustration of local observances and the explanation of recondite slang, can scarcely compete with the fruits of Mr. Collins's unfettered genius, or of Miss Braddon's unrestrained imagination. Dialogue which is necessarily framed so as to crowd into a given space the greatest number of allusions *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν, ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζοντα*, is a heavy weight on the constant if monotonous action which descriptions of academical or scholastic life demand. But boys do not care for such things, and the boys who have read 'The Cherry-Stones' and 'Schoolboy Honour' are not likely to desert Mr. Adams now. And until Lord Selborne and his colleagues have abolished sinecure Fellowships, and, by cutting the connexion between the University and the public, reduced Oxford to a provincial academy, there will be among educated men some few who retain an impersonal interest in the two great Universities of the land.

The competitors in the field which Mr. Adams has chosen need not have caused him much alarm. There are a good many books about Universities, but none of them are of any great merit. 'Verdant Green' is now generally recognised as very dull fooling. Of the countless readers of 'Tom Brown,' how many know that Mr. Hughes has also written 'Tom Brown at Oxford'? 'Charlie Villars' is principally remarkable for the author's expression of wonder "how clergymen's sons and others contrive to live on four hundred a-year." But it is needless to go through the list. With the exception of a curiously minute and faithful description of Cambridge as it was about 1845, with portraits of all the distinguished undergraduates of that date, called 'Five Years in an English University,' and the immortal sketch of the same University in 'Pendennis,' there is not, so far as we know, a really good account in the language of modern Oxford or Cambridge.

Such flights are beyond the reach of Mr. Adams, who, however, has produced a fairly readable and inoffensive book. Why in 1877 people should be supposed to be particularly interested in the Oxford of thirty—or, rather, five-and-thirty—years ago we are not aware; but no doubt Mr. Adams testifies of what he knows, and, after all, undergraduates, as Swift said of critics, aldermen, and certain others, "never change their titles or their natures." There is still, as it seems there was in 1843, the reading man, and the rowing man, and the desultory man, who probably gets more enjoyment out of the place than anybody else, and the man who seems to his friends greater than all the rest, and to his enemies an infelicitous combination of the jockey and the potboy. There is the undergraduate who is exercised about the comparative merits of University sermons, and the undergraduate who aims at office in the Union, and the undergraduate who prides himself on his conversational powers, and numberless other minor varieties which are more or less successfully sketched in 'Wilton of Cuthbert's.' The book, as might be expected, is a series of sketches and conversations not very artistically connected, and has no plot to speak of, such story as there may be turning on the wickedness of one undergraduate, the immaculate virtue of a second who dies, and the mixed character of a third, who goes into what used to be called the civil death of holy orders. There is also a handsome and fairly agreeable young gentleman, who is too rich to seem insipid, and whose sad vacillation shows what terrible havoc a want of fixed principles would have wrought in him if his mouth had not been

graced at his birth with the proverbial spoon. Add to this a background of religious sentiment, which is edifying without being obtrusive, and a sound moral tone, such as the youthful mind is well known to delight in, and you have 'Wilton of Cuthbert's,' a book for the young, that may be warranted harmless.

The work is preceded by a dedication which we should probably—though on this point we do not pledge ourselves—have guessed to be intended for poetry, even if it had not been metrically arranged. It commemorates various worthies of Magdalen, which seems to have been Mr. Adams's college; and if the names of Horne, Hammond, and Routh excite any association in the minds of Mr. Adams's readers, they must be persons of more than ordinary information. We believe that Horne wrote something about the Psalms, and that Routh lived to be ninety-nine; but on the subject of Hammond we can give no information. Gibbon is naturally omitted, both for his loose opinions and for that immortal autobiography where he libels the Fellows "whose dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth." The college which expelled him has no other name to show which is of more than national reputation. Magdalen, as we gather from the pages before us, has not changed for the better since Mr. Adams wrote; but the Union Debating Society, which Mr. Grant Duff says was the most valuable instrument of education at Oxford in his time, apparently has. It is not now the habit of that illustrious association to discuss such questions as the abolition of episcopacy by the Roundheads, which the Bishop of Lincoln incorrectly calls the Disestablishment of the Church. Subjects of more living interest claim the attention of Union orators nowadays, and prophecy of the future is found to be more exciting as well as less difficult than knowledge of the past. Nor do we think that the Toryism of young Oxford, though it is not afflicted with diffidence, is quite equal to this flight. "Persistent efforts were being made by those who were the genuine descendants of the levellers and destructives of the times of the saintly Charles to destroy and lay waste the precious privileges which had descended to the present generation from their forefathers." In the course of a tolerably long experience we never heard of the "saintly Charles," though we have heard the Church of England described as "founded by Christ himself, cemented by the blood of the martyrs, and established by Act of Parliament." Mr. Trevelyan has described the general temper of the Cambridge Union as one of "mild humanitarianism, qualified by admiration for the memory of Archbishop Laud," and this perhaps correctly represents the character of the sister institution, but "saintly" is not a word which the modern undergraduate could bring himself to use seriously in public.

We commend to the same interesting creature the manner in which his predecessors were in the habit of spending the Sunday, "when no work was done, unless an hour or so passed in the study of 'Butler's Analogy' or 'Horne's Introduction' might be so called—the Sundays with the choral services in the college chapels, the University sermons, the quiet discussion of high and solemn themes with congenial spirits full of young intelligence, and unspoiled as yet by the harsh experiences of life." This may be true enough of the days when, as the Rector of Lincoln says, "young men spent the time which should have been devoted to study in discussing which was the true Church;" but to which of his ingeniously divided classes of undergraduates would Mr. Ince apply it now? We should also be glad to know the feelings of certain heads of colleges whose age has become matter of indistinct tradition when they read that the don of Mr. Adams's days is "now almost as entirely extinct as the dodo or the mastodon." Donnishness, as we know on unimpeachable authority, is "a peculiar carriage of the body, intended to hide deficiencies of the mind," and that is not likely to become extinct while Universities remain, even though they may have ceased to correspond with the description of them by Junius as "places of learned dulness and thoughtless repose." On page 261, Mr. Adams spoils a good story, which is told of the Master of a college long since dead and an eminent living Judge. "Mr. ——," said the Master, "I have a very high opinion of you; the tutors have a very high opinion of you; everyone has a high opinion of you; but no one has such a high opinion of you as you have of yourself." It will be found that Mr. Adams has reproduced this remark, which is no less remarkable for prophetic accuracy than for epigrammatic terseness in a singularly tasteless and insipid form. In taking our leave of Mr. Adams, we may fairly congratulate him on having written a book which will give a good deal of pleasure, and will do no one any harm, unless it teaches a boy to wear a green veil (page 167), or to call an invitation an "invite" (page 41), or to consider a pun upon a proper name humorous (page 181), or to discuss with a young lady "the idea of a future judgment, as known to the heathen," which may lead to serious and irrelevant consequences.

THE WISE MEN OF GREECE.

The Wise Men of Greece. By Professor Blackie. London: Macmillan and Co.

In endeavouring to represent in poetic dialogues the teachings of the early Greek philosophers, Professor Blackie set himself a task that required great erudition, great patience, and great boldness to carry it to a successful issue. These qualities Professor Blackie possessed, and his labours have resulted in a very curious volume, which cannot be regarded as a philosophic work, or a poetical work, but a combination of the two. Viewed from a hostile point of view there might seem something vaguely ridiculous in this attempt to boil down the fragments of the Greek philosophers into a series of dialogues in verse. On the other hand, however, when once we are assured that the dialogues do represent fairly what these philosophers did teach, and are not merely a succession of speeches by Professor Blackie, delivered through the mouth of half-a-dozen different masks, it at once becomes obvious that the book is possessed of some sterling merit. So little indeed is there of Professor Blackie himself in the volume, except in the preface and notes, and so faithfully has he presented almost every line upon the direct authority of Greek text with a careful accuracy that reminds us of Becker's 'Charicles,' that it is difficult not to regard the 'Wise Men of Greece' as a sort of companion to the series of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers.' As such it is really very useful to all who wish to get some knowledge of the early Greek thinkers and teachers in some easier way than by seeking them out in their original, or in lengthy German commentaries, and in some more attractive manner than the study of Ueberweg or any other historian can afford. Professor Blackie has, therefore, distinctly met a want, and by his noble abstinence from making Pythagoras or Empedocles "mere mouthpieces," to use his own words, in which to sport his own sentiments, has reassured those who, judging by the singing and other foreign features he introduces into his Edinburgh Greek class, might be fearful of getting more of the modern Scotch professor than of the ancient Greek philosophers.

We can well believe Professor Blackie when he tells us that here are "no mere soap-bubbles, lightly blown for a summer's recreation, but the produce of hard work, and years of study." The Early Greek philosophers were not men to be encountered lightly nor easily understood, and to reconstruct out of the little that remains of most of them some semblance of what the living men really taught and thought was as difficult a task as ever fell to the lot of a Cuvier or a Professor Owen, with a bone or two to work upon. The fanciful theories of the early Greek philosophers, with regard to the origin of the world, have never, perhaps, been better parodied than in the conversation between Democritus and the Abderites, in Wieland's brilliant

work, 'Die Abderiten.' Whether the world began from an egg, air being the white and chaos the yolk, or originated in fire and water, or never began at all, but always was and will ever remain the same; or whether the world is in reality a series of worlds, which lie on one another, like the skins of an onion, and detach themselves one after another, or arose from the accidental movements of indivisible solar atoms, or by the attraction and repulsion of regulated atoms, or is a composition of spirit and matter, or—the crowning theory—is created from matter conceived as a mass of crystal, shattered by its creator with a diamond hammer, one feels inclined to agree a little with the Abderites, that philosophy is a very pretty thing, and that the only fault to be found with it is the difficulty of making a choice among so many theories. Professor Blackie makes a choice, and takes Pythagoras, Thales, Xenophanes, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Aristippus, Socrates, and Plato, as his characters. It will thus be seen that Professor Blackie does not attempt to present all the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers to his readers; in fact, as may be seen from his dragging in Plato at the last merely as an expounder on the sentiment of love, the subject has been the guiding-spirit of Professor Blackie's selection. His method of procedure is simple enough. To each philosopher, as leading figure in these dramatic poems, he adds one or two other figures, a disciple or a priest, or an inquiring youth, to play the part of drawing the philosopher out, pumping him, as it were, for the benefit of the audience. Of these dialogues, perhaps the first, the Pythagoras, is the best, though this may seem so partly because it is the first, and the method of treatment is fresher. There is an agreeable simplicity in being introduced to Pythagoras by Milo of Crotona, in a speech which tells us that "Crotona's sons affect him"—

> As tides affect the moon,
> Gay flowers the sun, or fish the wavy pool;
> They hold him of their very blood, who changed—
> For that he knew our nobler nature—soft
> Silk-vested Lydia—we interpret thus—
> For our plain Doric use and hardiment
> Of manly breeding. There be evil women
> Who kill with glances, but this god-like man
> Bears blessing in his look, and all who see
> Drink gladness. Like the strength of some blue mount
> Swathed in the smiles of blue-eyed Spring, he stands,
> Reaping both love and worship. Old and young,
> By cheerful magic of wise words he draws,
> As Orpheus drew the beasts, nay, even women,
> He sings about him, eloquent to preach
> Philosophy from spindles; everywhere
> Love, awed by wonder, like a faithful page,
> Follows his favoured footing where he goes.

The novelty of the feeling when Pythagoras himself appears, and kindly condenses his philosophy into ready and agreeable verse, is decidedly pleasing, and one is ready to imbibe any amount of knowledge upon the Pythagorean beliefs from the doctrine of metempsychosis to the fundamental contraries in this manner. Professor Blackie's verse is easy and flowing, there is in it nothing of the 'English History in Verse' kind of thing, and, on the other hand, it is far easier to follow than Mr. Browning's 'Agamemnon,' so that if it were not for the somewhat unnecessary and quite unauthorised introduction of the doctrine of the Trinity this first dialogue might take a place as a text-book of Pythagorean belief.

Among the other philosophers whom Professor Blackie treats of, Heraclitus of Ephesus, Heraclitus the obscure, is the one that will be turned to with the most curiosity. Heraclitus received the title of *ὁ σκοτεινός*, according to Mr. Symonds, in his highly-wrought essay on Empedocles, on account of his being among the first to utter his philosophy through the medium of prose in preference to verse, but Socrates is said to have found him very tough reading, a statement which the few remaining fragments certainly bear out. But Professor Blackie encounters him gallantly, discovering him, to use a technical term, by the banks of a brook, playing at astragals with a boy. The chief conversation is carried on, however, with Ænisedemus, a priest of Diana, who arrives shortly. In this dialogue we certainly get a great deal of Heraclitus. His observation, that no man ever floats twice on the same stream, is gracefully turned into—

> This thread of wimpling water
> In which I bathe my feet is fled, and lost
> To me for ever, even while I touch it.
> No man, nor god, into the self-same flood
> Can enter twice—

and instead of puzzling fragments, such as *τοῦ βιοῦ οὔνομα Βίος, ἔργον δὲ θάνατος*, and *ἀθάνατοι θνητοί, θνητοὶ ἀθάνατοι, ζῶντες τὸν ἐκείνων θάνατον τὸν δὲ ἐκείνων βίον τεθνεῶντες*, we get lengthy speeches on life and death, which are sufficiently intelligible and yet sufficiently Heraclitean. It may be interesting to point out here again the interesting resemblance between two fragments of Heraclitus and the teaching of a contemporary philosopher. The two fragments beginning, the one '*κόσμον τὸν αὐτὸν*, &c., and the other *πυρὸς ἀνταμείβεται πάντα*' (Bywater's edition, xx. and xxii.), and which are rendered, "The world was made neither by any of the gods nor by any man; it was, and is, and ever shall be as ever living fire in due measure self-kindled and in due measure self-extinguished . . . all is convertible into fire and fire into all, just as gold is convertible into wares and wares into gold," have, on the assumption that fire is used in a wide sense, a considerable resemblance to the following passage from Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles:'—"Those modes of the Unknowable which we call motion, heat, light, chemical affinity, &c., are alike transformable into each other, and into those modes of the Unknowable which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought; these in their turn being directly or indirectly re-transformable into the original shapes."

The other dialogues are all moulded on the same pattern as these. Plato is brought in, as we have said, to discourse on love, an imaginary Aristodemus personates Atheism, and the death of Socrates is turned into dramatic form. This portion of the volume, though it perhaps helps to explain the dedication of the work to Mr. Tom Taylor as the most successful adaptor of the day, could have well been spared. Such exquisite prose as the original cannot be improved by being cut up into blank verse, and Professor Blackie certainly has not improved it. On the whole, 'The Wise Men of Greece' is an interesting book to which the old proverb about fish and flesh applies a little perhaps, but whose existence is amply justified if it succeed in carrying out the author's hope of giving to the general reading public "a living concrete notion of what the thought of Thales was in his day to the society of Miletus; what Pythagoras, with his school of moral discipline, was to Crotona; Xenophanes to Colophon, and so with the rest." "Accurate study of the fragments, and a sympathetic appreciation of the soul by which the fragments were originally animated," were not wanting to the task.

AN ESSAY ON BY-LAWS.

An Essay on By-Laws. By W. G. Lumley, Q.C. Knight and Co.

It would be both interesting and instructive to trace the growth and increase of the practice of delegation which the exigencies of modern society have imposed upon the sovereign authority. It was once possible for the Legislature to regulate, by its own sole agency, all those matters which it was not considered desirable to leave within the control of individual caprice. This field was once sufficiently extensive to include almost all the affairs of men, but its limitation is only partially connected with the expedient of delegating coercive power to public bodies or private corporations. So far as it is so connected, it makes us acquainted with the fact that the power of making by-laws is much more ancient than those persons would suppose who know by-laws only in connexion with railway companies. It is a doctrine of English law that every corporation possesses by implication, if not by charter or express

enactment, the power of regulating the conduct of its members, provided that such regulation be not *ultra vires* or *dehors* the object for which the corporation was founded. The London Guilds possessed such powers in quite early times, and we find the practice recognised by the Judges in Raymond's 'Reports,' which date from before the Revolution of 1688. Some of the decisions in regard to such by-laws are not a little curious. Thus Peryam, J., in the reign of James I., after saying that "every by-law ought to be made for the common benefit of the inhabitants, and not for the private commodity of any particular man," goes on to observe that "if a by-law be made that a commoner shall not carry hay on the lands of the lord, or break the hedges of J. S. [that 'pure flower of pure law']; this is not good, because it does not respect the common benefit of all." In an argument reported in Rolle, "various precedents were cited of . . . by-laws made by the Council between different trades in the City—as that cobblers should not vamp boots, nor make goloshes, but only the shoemakers; and that the arrowmakers should not make bows, nor the bowyers arrows; and that the *brown bread* bakers should not bake *white bread*." A precedent for such a by-law was cited from a period so early as the reign of Henry IV. Such regulations would, of course, now be regarded as being in restraint of trade, and therefore bad, and it may be said generally that, while the number of bodies having express or implied authority to make by-laws is more numerous than ever, yet the scope of such by-laws is more jealously regarded by the Courts than in days when legislative control of commercial operations was considered desirable. The 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 76, s. 14, has finally put an end to the old power of the guilds: "Whereas," it runs, "in divers cities, towns, and boroughs a certain custom hath prevailed, and certain by-laws have been made, that no person not being free of a city, town, or borough, or of certain guilds, mysteries, or trading companies within the same, or one of them, shall keep any shop or place for putting to show or sale any or certain wares or merchandise by way of retail or otherwise; or use any or certain trades, occupations, mysteries, or handicrafts for hire, gain, or sale within the same; be it enacted that notwithstanding any such custom or by-law, every person in any borough may keep any shop for the sale of all lawful wares and merchandises by wholesale or retail, and use every lawful trade, occupation, mystery, and handicraft for hire, gain, sale, or otherwise within the borough." "The by-law," as Mr. Lumley sapiently observes, "is not distinctly repealed, but it is made inoperative."

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," and the modern by-law differs from the ancient. Mr. Lumley has produced a book which is seasonable in its kind, though not unexceptionable in itself. We should have preferred less obsolete learning, and more practical information. It is doubtless impartial in Mr. Lumley to quote the dictum of Pollock, C.B., that "the way in which Local Boards use their powers makes it very desirable that they should have as little power as possible." But such rhetorical remarks, though they may be highly suitable to the judicial bench, where Pollock's successor has been known to employ them, are out of place in what should be a concise manual of the existing state of the law on a subject of no little interest and importance. If Mr. Lumley had omitted about half of his book, and reduced the other half to something like orderly arrangement, he would have greatly increased its value to the professional class who are likely to be its only readers. Mr. Lumley's definition of the subject of his labours affords some opportunity for testing his notion of scientific method. "A by-law is a law made with due legal obligation by some authority less than the sovereign and Parliament, in respect of a matter specially or impliedly referred to that authority, and not provided for by the general law of the land." What is the meaning of a "law made with due legal obligation?" Does it mean a law which someone is obliged to make? If so, the definition is clearly erroneous. Or does it mean a law which legally obliges? If so, we should be glad to know what a law which does not legally oblige is like. And why "due" obligation? Is any person likely to run away with the notion that a by-law is a law of undue legal obligation? Really one might as well say that a County Court is a competent legal tribunal, possessing as of right all the attributes with which the Legislature has seen fit to clothe it. Surely Mr. Grant's definition, which Mr. Lumley despises, is far better than his own. "A by-law," says Mr. Grant, "is a rule obligatory on a body of persons, or over a particular district, not being at variance with the general laws of the realm, and being reasonable and adapted to the purposes of the corporation, and (? or) any rule or ordinance of a permanent character which a corporation is empowered to make, either by the common or statute law." The fault of this definition seems to lie in the words "not at variance with the general laws of the realm." This is not enough, as is shown by the case of The Calder and Hebble Navigation Company *v.* Pilling (14 Meeson and Welsby, 46). There the Company made a by-law to close their navigation on Sundays, and imposed a penalty of 5*l.* for a breach. Alderson, B., in his judgment, said that "the rules which the Company were empowered to make had nothing to do with the regulation of moral or religious conduct, which are left to the general laws of the land and to the law of God." And Rolfe, B., said it was monstrous for the Company to prohibit *pro salute animarum* of the Queen's subjects what the law allows." Passing from pure criticism, we will venture to suggest a definition of our own. "A by-law is a rule framed by some body other than the Legislature to regulate the conduct of its members, or of those in whose behalf it acts, to which the Legislature has given, expressly or by implication, legal validity." This we think will be found to meet all the cases in which Parliament has authorised the framing of by-laws. It by no means follows from the use of the word by-laws that any sanction has been given by the Legislature at all. For a by-law must be reasonable, like a custom or a condition by a railway company upon the carriage of goods, as is shown by a most sensible decision given by the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of the Scriveners' Company. There the Company had made a by-law that "there should be two dinners annually, one for the masters, wardens, assistants, and freemen. . . . the other for the masters, wardens, and livery. . . . It was held that the by-law was unreasonable and bad. . . . The freemen who took part in the feast took no part in the election, and the person to provide the feast might not actually be present at it." Nor is it at all certain that a by-law, which to the unassisted intelligence of outsiders appears unreasonable in the highest degree, will be held unreasonable by the Courts. Thus the Municipal Court of York made a by-law in the reign of Philip and Mary, prohibiting anyone, except four persons, from practising in the Court as attorneys. In 1832 an attempt was made to open the Court, but the King's Bench held that the by-law was good. It could not be said to be in restraint of trade, because attorneys had no immemorial right to appear and practise in courts of law, their privilege having been given to them by the Statute of Merton, 20 Henry III. c. 10.

Mr. Lumley's book contains a good deal of interesting archæology, and no inconsiderable amount of valuable information. But the two are so inextricably connected that the book cannot be used with safety either for amusement or for instruction. For that happy compound of both which is supposed by the writer of certain cheap publications to delight the youthful mind, Mr. Lumley's work may perhaps be commended. It is not always happy in its style, as on page 27, where we read, "The 11 & 12 Vict. cap. 63, sect. 64, had provided that certain offensive businesses should not be established within their district without their consent." It hardly falls within the scope of a work on by-laws to enforce the elementary principles of contract, as Mr. Lumley does on page 11, where he says, "Religious

bodies, voluntarily associated together, can make regulations for enforcing discipline within their body, which will be binding on those who expressly or by implication have assented to them." But the main fault which we have to find with the book before us is, as we said before, its want of arrangement. Old authorities are mixed up with recent statutes, the obsolete theories of "trade regulation" are scarcely distinguished from the *laissez faire* which prevails in a modern court of law, and we doubt if many readers will rise from the perusal of this work with as clear as notion of what a by-law is as they had before they began. In the face of the admirable example set by Sir James Stephen and Mr. Pollock, it is melancholy to find Mr. Lumley going back to the old style of text-book, which made of the English law a "tortuous and ungodly jumble."

DITA.

Dita. By Lady Margaret Majendie, Author of 'Giannetto.' Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

Perdita—called Dita for convenience' sake—is supposed, by all but one of this novel's personages, to be the illegitimate daughter of one Ewan Macmonach, a young Scottish chief, who comes terribly by his death in the book's first chapter. But we, who are in the author's confidence, know—what that one personage knows also, and carefully hides—that Perdita is no base-born child, but the legitimate offspring of the young laird of Macmonach, and heir, therefore, to its lands and revenue. From the very beginning, when the poor wife with her wailing infant bends over the senseless form of her husband—from the moment when she is ignominiously turned aside by the brother of the dying man—we, well versed in prophecy of coming tales, have divined that the hapless Assunta is Ewan's true wife, although the mortal injuries sustained by her husband in a fall from his horse prevent him from opening his lips to declare the fact. And, in order that the little girl baby may be defrauded of her rightful inheritance—in order that the story may, in fact, continue—Ewan's brother Angus is enabled to steal the marriage lines—Assunta's only proof of her story—and to supplant Perdita in her succession to Macmonach. Whether it is altogether probable that an old minister would sleep in a cottage whose front door is unbolted, we will not discuss. It is convenient for Mr. Angus that he should do so, since the certificates are in this minister's keeping, and since the only means of possessing the estate is by stealing and destroying the wife's papers at dead of night. Anyhow, when the woman's lines come to be examined before witnesses, they are only blanks, and Angus Macmonach inherits, whilst Assunta flies to London to hide her supposed shame, and to die miserably in a workhouse. And so it comes to pass that Perdita never knows her own parents, but learns thus to consider a pompous good-hearted bookseller and his simple spouse who take her from the arms of the dying mother and adopt her as their own.

Andrew Fairdon is a Shakespeare worshipper, and Perdita is the name chosen for the little orphan, who passes the various phases of childhood beneath the sheltering and cleanly wing of homely Mrs. Fairdon, and, at an age when she can only lisp, has already tried her powers of fascination on the shop-boy. In these lowly surroundings, Perdita has an excellent opportunity of showing her "innate look of noble race," which serves her in very good part when shortly the vendor of old books inherits a large fortune, and relinquishes his stall to buy up a fine estate, whose owners have fallen upon evil times. Fairdon's pomposity becomes rather repugnant than amusing in the dimensions it assumes beneath these affluent circumstances; but his lady, though so stupid as to let herself be mistaken for the housekeeper on her arrival at the grand new abode, atones for much by a touching simplicity, and the little high-born maiden is a pretty miniature from first to last. At the age of ten, or thereabouts, she enters the lists for a real *bonâ fide* love-affair, that is to endure to the end, and be something quite different from her childish coquetry with that strange and devoted shop-boy, nicknamed the melancholy Jaques. Edward Norton, the former possessor of Salford Abbey, is a little boy fishing in a stream when first his siren approaches and enslaves him. He is angry because his fish have been frightened away by the siren's advance. Nevertheless, he even then cares to save her poodle from a watery grave, and though persistently cross and almost bearish to the usurper of his family homestead—is, after the manner of fictitious lovers, really in love with her from the beginning. Several good situations arise from this fortunate circumstance, but at last Edward Norton is driven to an avowal of his love by a well-contrived carriage accident, at which both his own and his siren's limbs suffer grievously. Lying on separate couches in one drawing-room of a country-house, though far from truly romantic, is certainly somewhat advantageous to the improving of acquaintance, and it is perhaps not wonderful that on regaining the use of his limbs Edward Norton should have overlooked all the drawbacks of Perdita's *parvenu* relations to ride with a proposal to Salford Abbey. Were it not for the melancholy Jaques our novel's climax might with difficulty have been restrained; but happily being himself enamoured of the damsel, he sees fit to disclose the flaw in her birth, and hereby turns aside Norton's very laudable resolution to disregard the divine laws of caste. After this we see no more of the hero for some time. Angus Macmonach has been neglected for a space, and we must witness the return of his young bride to her Scottish home—we must read of cruel neglect from a husband whom guilt depresses, and hear something again of good old strict and puritanical Lady Grisel, whose mother's heart aches at sight of her son's morose and daily hardening nature. We must follow Perdita, too, on a foreign tour with her failing foster-mother, there to learn of Edward Norton's magnanimous resolution to forgive even a tainted birth in the girl he loves. We must see the proud little damsel write her letter of refusal, and hear her declare that "no bar-sinister shall ever disgrace his shield." We must watch with her beside the pathetic death-bed of poor homely Mrs. Fairdon, and witness another meeting and tearful parting between the lovers before our tale draws to a close, with the discovery of Angus Macmonach's fraud. Though it be at the cost of life to the frail little bride, who, by chance, unearths her husband's wicked secret, we cannot but rejoice that right should win at last, and that the removal of Perdita's "bar-sinister," enables her without a scruple to throw herself on her lover's breast. All ends well, even to the very suitable re-appearance of Edward Norton just at the desired moment, and without any apparent reason for supposing his lady to have changed her mind, even to the complete discomfiture of the villain for whom we feel no kind of compassion.

This is a sketch of Lady Margaret Majendie's tale, by which it may be seen that, in spite of a decided dramatic tendency in the author's mind, in spite of some few good notions of "situation," dramatic effect is curiously missed. With so much that is promising at first in the conception of the plot, we are astonished that a stronger climax should not have suggested itself to the author's mind, such as might have saved the novel from being somewhat commonplace and disappointing. But Lady Margaret Majendie writes fairly good English, in spite of a certain fondness for adjectives and satellites of their kind; and though oppressed by an undue proportion of everyday sentiment, she has been able to strike some notes of real and simple pathos in sketching the character of Nannie Fairdon, the former bookseller's wife, her drooping vitality under the foreign atmosphere of riches, her solemn quiet death. On the whole, we can rank 'Dita' among the novels that wile away idle hours.

MINOR NOTICES.

Everyday Meals. By Mary Hooper. (H. S. King and Co.)—It is too frequently the case that books, like other undertakings intended to supply a general want, have more regard for the special needs of their promoters than for the public weal. In the wide range of bookmaking this is truer of cookery-books than of any other class. Scarcely a year passes without some addition to our gastronomic or culinary literature, but very little progress can be traced in the dishes set before us. We delight, apparently, in showing that in the matter of contempt for the good gifts of Nature and scientific cultivation we are steadfast and immovable. We will not be led away from the monotonous bacon and eggs, or the hardened kidney, or the bilious sausage, which formed the staple of our fathers' and our grandfathers' breakfast-table, and therefore must form the staple of our own. We cling to our thick soup, to our sodden fish besmeared with flour-paste known as melted butter; and, worse than all, because our more active ancestors ate with impunity of large joints roasted before an open fire, we think, however sedentary our liver, that we may with equal impunity partake freely of meat cooked in close stoves. On more than one previous occasion Miss Hooper has proffered her advice on the subject of good and wholesome food, and the mode of turning it to the best uses. The present volume is intended to supplement her former ones, which were devoted to "little dinners" and "cookery for invalids." She now endeavours to break down the Philistine Conservatism of those housekeepers whose ideas of breakfast never soar above ham and haddock, whose inspirations of lunch are limited to chops, and who will provide for supper complicated dishes the very names of which would give an indigestion to an exhausted brain-worker. It is a pity that Miss Hooper cannot resist the temptation to attempt "writing"—an attempt which, by the ludicrous mistakes she falls into occasionally, lays her open to much raillery, and it is even more to be regretted that she should have failed to regard mashed potatoes as an everyday dish. A word of advice to those housekeepers who, under this name, lay before their guests a heavy tasteless paste might have led many to substitute for it that light and perfectly dry snow which some few cooks know how to serve, and thus make the most insipid vegetable palatable and digestible. But in spite of these minor blemishes, Miss Hooper, as usual, does her work thoroughly and simply. She not only tells the mistress of the house what to provide, but where to get it, and how to prepare it, and the result is a handbook useful to all wives and mothers anxious for their husbands' comfort or childrens' health.

The Trumpeter of Säkkingen. By Joseph Victor Scheffel. Translated by Mrs. Francis Brünnow. (Chapman and Hall.)—Mrs. Francis Brünnow must be cordially congratulated on the wonderful success with which she has rendered one of the finest of modern German poems into the most execrable doggrel the English language is capable of. Fortunately Scheffel does not know a word of English, and will, therefore, never be able to realise the terrible treatment his favourite work has received. The preface to the fiftieth German edition Mrs. Francis Brünnow has also translated. It must be read in the following fashion:—

> The trumpeter now, all alive and refreshed
> Tooth jubilee loudly is blowing;
> The presentum yearum has both of us bleshed
> Great favour and lustre bestowing.
> I haveum my fiftieth yearum attained,
> Through joy and through sorrow surviving,
> And hisum editions—such fame has he gained—
> At fiftieth now are arriving.
>
> It may be that Ium a part of my youth
> And joyum with him have been leaving;
> But still from these sceneums, to tellum the truth,
> Great pleasure I now am receiving.
> To Theggberg I climbed, where on highum are seen
> The homes of the Hauenstein peasant;
> Their strawum-thatched roofums with mosses still green
> But no more quaint costumes at present.

At least that is the only way ordinary people can read it until they come to such lines as—

> The kind hostess refused quite indignant;
> 'Tis clear, in the town of St. Fridolin, o'er us a star shines benignant,

which cannot be read in any way at all, and fortunately thus render any further attempts to continue quite superfluous.

A Parallel Syntax, Greek and Latin. By the Rev. Herbert W. Sneyd-Kynnersley, LL.M. (W. Blackwood and Son.)—The author of this little book "for beginners" has been teaching his young pupils "the elementary parts of Greek and Latin syntax" side by side in what he imagines to be "a simple and attractive form;" and several friends, whom he persuaded to adopt his plan, have in turn persuaded him to offer it to the public. There is, of course, much interest and some advantage in comparing the Latin and Greek constructions in this way; but the beginner comes to the study with a mind ill-prepared to cope with three languages at once, especially if the parallelism happen, as it often does, to be little, perhaps nothing, more than a mechanical arrangement. The difficulty is then like the distracting occupation of a man that has to drive three pigs, whose natural perversity is always impelling them in different directions. The case becomes worse when the treatment is confused and fragmentary, and not elementary, as it very frequently is here. The way that a judicious teacher takes his pupils over the ground is by laying out his subject on a clear plan, and expounding it with a clear head. To pick out bits here and there, to provide an arrangement that may plausibly seem a royal road, and to be liberal of white spaces, regardless of paper—all this is, except in very good hands, a miserable delusion.

The Rhine: from its Source to the Sea. Translated by G. C. T. Bartley, from the German of Stieler, Wachenhusen, and Hackländer. With 425 illustrations. (Bickers and Son.)—Since Baron von Gerning's 'Picturesque Tour Along the Rhine,' with "highly-finished and coloured engravings," was published in 1820, or thereabouts, the Rhine has rather gained than lost attraction as a subject for picture-books of travel. There was a certain charm in the old-fashioned "highly-finished and coloured" engravings, which we miss in the modern method of illustration, with all its improvements. The plates and cuts in the present volume are, however, for the most part, excellent, and a much wider area than the Baron von Gerning took in is covered by it. The views of Heidelberg, which by-the-by is not on the Rhine, are particularly good, and so is the letterpress, as far as it goes. But it is a pity that an opportunity for saying something about student life at Heidelberg as it really is has been missed. The volume is well printed and got-up, and is just the kind of book that it is convenient to have upon the table of a country-house.

The Post Office London Directory for 1878. (Kelly and Co.)—This invaluable annual has been corrected, as usual, up to the latest date. Mr. Kelly never gives an opening for a rival by any carelessness in the details of his vast conspectus, which one can never look through without admiring the enterprise of its projector. The instance which he draws attention to this year, as a specimen of his care to keep the 'Directory' up to date, is Gresham Street, which was commenced about October 30, and is to be found here in its proper place, with the new numbers.

Letts' Diaries. (Letts, Son, and Co.)—There is room for improvement in the outward appearance of these diaries. They might be made up with greater neatness and taste. But in point of utility and substantiality they leave nothing to be desired.

Christmas Cards. (Marcus Ward.)—The specimens of colour-printing by all kinds of processes which Messrs. Marcus Ward exhibit in their Christmas and New Year Cards, show in a most striking manner what progress the art has made. The taste evinced both in the design and colouring of these cards, causes a slight

doubt as to their origin. It appears, however, that a considerable number are produced in Scotland. The Americans are also acquiring a distinct capacity for the art.

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Dicey's article on Egypt, in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Egypt and the Khedive," is a powerful and searching exposure of the misgovernment from which that country has suffered under its present ruler. The problem which Mr. Dicey sets himself to explain is the cause of the enormous debt which Egypt has accumulated within the last fourteen years. The debt amounted to the trifling sum of four millions in 1863, when Ismail Pasha ascended the throne. In the brief period since his accession, the Khedive has incurred liabilities amounting to a total of 87,000,000*l.* Partly from loans and partly from taxes, a sum not far short of two hundred millions has passed into the Treasury. How has this vast sum been spent? Not on the public service, for at the highest estimate that has not cost more than 4,000,000*l.* a-year. On useful public works perhaps? Mr. Dicey goes into the details of the various public works executed by the Khedive, and finds that the outlay upon them cannot at the utmost have been more than 25,000,000*l.* He thus reaches what he is justified in calling "the astounding result," that "within fourteen years over a hundred millions have passed into the hands of the Khedive, as to whose disposal no account ever has been, or," as Mr. Dicey believes, "can be rendered." Has it, then, been hoarded by the Khedive? Mr. Dicey says No; "the money went as fast as it came in," but this is how it went:—

> Anybody who has visited Egypt of late years, and has noted the operas and theatres, the palaces and gardens, the unfinished works, the deserted factories, with which the country is covered, and has then reflected on the ruinous manner in which these buildings have been erected, the incompetence, neglect, and extravagance with which these works have been carried on, may make a fair general guess as to the way in which the country has been burdened with debt, without profit even to the author of all this waste and ruin.

If all these incomplete and unproductive works had been undertaken in the public interest, they might have been taken simply as an illustration of the evils of despotic government, when the despot happens not to be "an able man;" but worse remains behind. It has not been in his capacity as a ruler that the Khedive has squandered so much money in futile projects; the projects have not been entered upon for the benefit of his people, but in the pursuit of his own private ambition as a trader and speculative farmer. Mr. Dicey describes as follows the operations by which the Khedive, with a sort of greed repugnant to the tastes of Oriental rulers, as generally conceived, has endeavoured to become the largest farmer in the world:—

> But the truth is that this culpable indifference to the welfare of Egypt in respect of her finances is only part and parcel of the system under which the Viceroy has ruled, or misruled, the country. When His Highness succeeded Said Pasha, his private estates did not exceed 30,000 acres. At the present moment the Khedive, in his own name and in that of his mother and children, owns upwards of 1,000,000 acres—that is, fully one-fifth of the whole cultivable soil of Egypt. This extraordinary accumulation of property has been effected in little over a dozen years. Egypt, in proportion to her cultivated acreage, is one of the most densely populated countries in the world, as well as the one in which property in the soil is held by the largest number of petty proprietors in proportion to population. This subdivision of the land is due partly to the traditions of the country, partly to the instincts of the race, still more to the conditions of Egyptian cultivation. But, be the cause what it may, the passion for land is universal. The fellaheen are, and have been from time immemorial, a race of peasant farmers. Large properties are the rare exception, and such a transfer of proprietorship as is involved in the accumulation of one-fifth of the cultivable soil into the hands of one landowner in the course of a little over a dozen years could not have been effected without grave disturbance and detriment to public interests, even if it had been brought about simply and solely by the action of economical causes.
>
> To say, however, that the transfer of this enormous area of land was not effected with the free will and consent of both parties is only to assert a truism. The great bulk of this land belonged to the fellaheen. The instinct of proprietorship is so strong in the fellah, that nothing short of absolute necessity will, as a rule, induce him to part with his fields, and to sink thereby from the position of a farmer to that of a labourer. On the other hand the Khedive, in the absence of any legal tribunals to which the native can appeal for protection, has virtually almost unrestricted power of driving any bargain or dictating any terms he may think fit. Given these conditions, it is not difficult to form an impression as to the modes by which a million of acres belonging to the peasantry have been annexed to the viceregal estates. I am concerned, however, with accomplished facts rather than with the process by which they have been brought about; and the economical objections to this extraordinary accumulation of land in the hands of the ruler of Egypt would be equally weighty if it could be shown to have been brought about by free sale and barter.

As the immediate result, Mr. Dicey says, of this huge transfer of property, little short of a million persons have had their homes destroyed, their lands taken from them, their position in life altered, in their own persons or in those of the heads of their families, from that of peasant proprietors to that of day labourers. And even if we disregard this huge total of individual misery, it cannot be said that the Khedive's unparalleled abuse of his position as a ruler has been for the advantage of Egypt as a whole:—

> On the contrary, such an accumulation is of necessity detrimental to the productiveness of the soil. Egypt is not a country where high farming, costly machinery, and the outlay of capital are required to make the earth yield forth her increase. Hand labour and constant supervision of the water supply are all that are wanted. It is obvious, therefore, that a system, under which small plots of ground are tilled by the owners of the soil, will in Egypt prove more profitable than a system under which large farms are cultivated by hired labour. Even under good and intelligent management the estates of well-to-do landowners produce one-third less per acre than those of the fellaheen, who employ no labour but their own. Even, therefore, if the Khedive had simply purchased at fair prices the lands he has taken, and had then cultivated them intelligently with free labour, there must inevitably have been a heavy loss to the revenue, on account of the decreased productiveness of the land when tilled by hired labourers in lieu of the owners of the soil. Intelligence, however, is the last term which can be applied to the mode in which the Khedive has administered his colossal estates. The same restless greed of power which led him to conceive the ambition of becoming the owner of the land of Egypt, led him also to conceive the even wilder idea of farming his own estates from his own palace. It is not too much to say that Ismail Pasha has been his own bailiff, his own agent, and his own steward. It was the boast of Louis XIV. that not a cannon could be fired in Europe without his permission. It may be said to be the ambition of Ismail Pasha, that not a blade of grass should grow in Egypt without his permission.

And this is not all. The fellaheen still left in possession of their little properties are liable to be carried off to work on the Khedive's farms by *corvée* at the very time when they should be gathering in the produce of their own ground. They suffer in this way from the Khedive's rapacious eagerness as a farmer, and until he submitted to a certain control under the management concluded by Messrs. Goschen and Joubert, they suffered from him also in his rapacity as a ruler, by demands for the prepayment of their taxes, demands which they could only meet by borrowing at ruinous rates of interest. It is idle to say that this is the Oriental way of governing a country, and that the people like it. We have had evidence within the last few weeks that the people are grateful for the partial relief they have obtained through the action of European controllers, and there can be little doubt that they would be grateful for further European interference, which should effect the reforms suggested by Mr. Dicey as indispensable to their comfort and security, abolish impartial tribunals for the healing of the grievances of the fellaheen, and induce the Khedive to abandon his ruinous speculations with the land, and rent his large estates to small cultivators. Mr. Dicey urges strongly that this European interference should be English.

ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[*Third Notice.*]

We have already advised our readers to avoid the shock of a rapid transition from the drawings of the old masters to the fine collection of British water-colours that is exhibited in the large room of the Grosvenor

Gallery. But, even if several days are allowed to intervene between our visits to the two branches of the collection, it is impossible to help feeling a kind of disappointment, a want of thorough enjoyment of works that at any other time would have seemed worthy of the most reverent study.

The reason of this is not far to seek. In the drawings of many of the old masters we see the furthest point to which art has been carried in that particular style; they are the high-water marks of a tide that has been ebbing ever since, until now when perhaps the turn has begun, the former level appears at a quite unapproachable height above us; whereas the history of English water-colours tells us merely of the early struggles of a new phase of art, one that with minor oscillations has been growing ever since, and is, we believe, destined to a great development. A talented writer has recently observed that ever since Titian the tendency of art has been more and more towards portraiture and landscape, and, he might have added, towards portrait in landscape. Whether for good or for evil, the conception of landscape has changed; resist it as we may, the scientific spirit invades every domain of our modern life. No man, however ignorant, can now regard mountains as having no shape in particular—trees as growing by no laws beyond the painter's sense of beauty—the wind as blowing where it listeth; he knows that the materials of a landscape are not put together haphazard; he knows that every detail in it is as it is, and where it is, because in that way and no other is it fitted to its surroundings. All this forces modern painters to study a scene with the same care and reverence with which the older painters studied a face; feeling, even if they do not express it in words, that, in the one as in the other, the external features are the records of its history and origin, and cannot be changed without the loss of all that renders it most interesting.

It is in the English school of water-colours that this essentially modern tendency first began to make itself felt. Faithful study of Nature has been ever its leading characteristic; and even where a genius like Turner finally abandoned Nature in the pursuit of colour unalloyed by earthly conditions, he left no trace upon the school.

Thomas Girtin has been called the founder of English water-colours, and he was certainly the first in whom the new conception of landscape is at all prominent. There are various fine examples of his work here; amongst which we would call attention to 301, 302, and especially 304, which, being almost in monochrome, gives us his naturalism in the rendering of detail and effect unspoiled by the dull conventionality of colour, from which he never wholly escaped; 303 and 312 are good examples of his rendering of a large expanse of country; 314 is remarkable for its fine effect of storm. This dulness of colour, which seemed at first to be an essential part of water-colour practice, is well exemplified by a small drawing of Constable representing Stonehenge, in which the hues of a rainbow are reduced to a dark blue and a little dirty pink.

In the works of David Cox we see the next phase that the art assumes. Here there is still a tendency towards subdued colour, but the advance in naturalness is very perceptible. Indeed, as far as he goes, Cox is one of the most natural of painters. His effects of rain, of storm, of sunshine—in fact, of any of the changing aspects of Nature—are wonderful, but for the things that are seen under these various effects he cared but little. In Bettws-y-Coed to this day are shown with pride the sites of many of his noted landscapes; but it requires the eye of faith to see the resemblance. In fact, his art is somewhat incomplete, and may be compared with that of Mr. Whistler in the domain of portraiture. Of his numerous works here exhibited we will call attention to 61 and 65 as fine examples of his later style. Here we have great feeling of atmosphere; one feels it is rainy weather; the wind is blowing fresh and cold; but there is no light and no colour, and of course no form. To these 63 is a fine contrast; it is delightfully warm and sunny. 78 is a charming little study, full of wind and movement; the action of the figures is wonderfully suggested. 87 is fine in its rendering of distance, but there is no form in it, and it is unnaturally colourless, a fault that cannot be found with 98, an earlier work, which is wonderfully sunny in effect, rich in colour, and delicate and precise in drawing.

In the works of George Barret appear concentrated all the defects that the school was endeavouring to shake off—falsity of subject, of effect, and of detail. The execution is laboured and precise, but here we see the negative advantages of Cox's manner, who, if he told us little about the forms of Nature, at least never told us lies about them. In Copley Fielding we have a man of genius, who was partly corrupted by the false taste of an age that admired Barret. There are no very favourable examples of his power here, but 148 shows well his knowledge of wave-forms, and may be compared with a fine sketch of Stanfield's (152).

And now we come to De Wint, a man of great power, who, although he yielded occasionally to the old conventional sombreness, forms an excellent supplement to David Cox, on account of his precision of drawing and fine rendering of quiet effects; 157 is a very charming river scene, in which there is more light and colour than usual with him. In 160 the sky is very luminous, and the whole effect extremely beautiful; 161 is a good example of his precision even in his slightest sketches; 168 is an attempt at a strong effect of sunlight, but the result is rather heavy; 181 is a wonderful little bit. The landscape consists of a few tones merely, but they are so true as far as they go, and the sky is so luminous, and the figures are so admirably put in, that the suggestion of Nature is complete.

Further on we find a few works of Muller, the brilliant genius who, had he lived, would have left a lasting mark upon our art. In 87 we have a very sober drawing, quite out of his usual line, in which we find most careful drawing, the stratification of the hills being given in a way that one looks for in vain in earlier landscapes; the rest are chiefly rapid sketches, which give one some idea of his power of colour and effect, but not much else.

The examples of Samuel Prout certainly do not do him justice, but even the most favourable specimens of his talent would leave us wondering what on earth Mr. Ruskin can see in this very commonplace architectural painter. His influence on the school, if any, must be pronounced decidedly bad. When we come to William Hunt, we find the art has taken an entirely new step. Here we have high finish and great brilliancy of colour; indeed, it has begun to imitate the effect of oil painting; an aim that the school is still pursuing with, we think, the inevitable result, viz. that the best water-colour painters eventually take to the stronger material—a consummation that is not at all to be regretted, for water-colours have done their work, and a very useful one, and must now be content to hold a subsidiary place in the great development of landscape art that we so confidently anticipate.

Of all William Hunt's drawings here, 203 is the one we select as the best example of his best style. In this the colour is rich without being strained, the effect is most luminous, and the execution is broader and more truly expressive of texture than is usual with him; 192 is an inferior example of a similar subject. The still-life pieces are all disfigured by that excessive stippling by means of which he endeavours to obtain a brilliancy which oils can give, without any sacrifice of texture. In 435 we see how admirably he could render character.

And now we must consider the works of that great master who belongs to no school, and has founded none. That Turner should have had no followers is indeed a surprising fact, and rather testifies against the healthiness of his art. Healthy or not healthy, however, we must accept with gratitude whatever he gives us; and although his greatest strength lay in oils, we can find here enough to remind us of the vast range of his powers. The Llanthony Abbey (255) is perhaps the best

of the series; it is of his middle period, and is magical in its mastery of light and shade, and the suggestive slightness of its execution; 257 and 259 are interesting specimens of his earlier manner. The worst defects of his later style are very prominent in the Lake of Thun (258); while a more favourable example of the same manner may be found in the Heidelberg (254); 260 and 266 are good specimens of his Swiss studies; while 269 shows us an interesting sketch for the Liber Studiorum.

Our space does not permit us to notice the many fine works that lie outside the general scheme of this article. It will suffice to mention that there are figure studies of F. Walker, Wilkie, Landseer, Blake, J. F. Miller, Delacroix, Bonnington, and others, besides many remarkable landscapes that we have had reluctantly to pass over.

RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM.

On the 15th of the present month died at his house in Hampstead, 20 Belsize Square, one of the most important figures in the history of English art for the last quarter of a century, Ralph N. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery. Influential not by his paintings, or by his practice as an artist, because he resigned the profession after an elaborate education for historical and portrait painting, but as a learned writer on art, and lecturer, he assisted in all the movements towards extending art education, and popularising taste, which have made so much progress during that period. Let us place on record here a few details of his career.

R. N. Wornum was born at Thornton, Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1812, but although he was thus a native of Scotland he was by parentage and by his entire life, passed in the south of England and abroad, thoroughly English. At ten he went to Ealing School, and at eighteen entered the London University. His father, whose name is connected with certain improvements in the construction of the pianoforte, seconding his boyish desire for a knowledge of languages as well as a predilection for art, at the end of four years (in 1834) sent him abroad with a pretty ample provision for unlimited study and travel. He thus visited nearly all the principal cities of Europe, residing longest in Rome and in Munich. At that time the small capital of Bavaria was assuming astonishing importance as a new school of revived fifteenth and sixteenth century art, a severe and somewhat dry revival indeed, which appealed rather to the learned than to the lovers of beauty, especially beauty of colour. Of this Wornum never in his own practice showed any enjoyment.

Thus it was that when he returned to London and began practising, principally as a portrait painter, in 1840, he failed to make a popular impression, and although the cartoon he contributed to the exhibition held in Westminster Hall, when the new Houses of Parliament approached completion, was much respected for certain grave pure qualities, and for the drawing of the horses in the chariot of Boadicea, it did not receive any reward. The same year (1843) he married Miss Selden, and through the persuasion of her step-father, Professor Long, and Mr. Knight, began to write in various periodical works in which these gentlemen were interested; particularly the 'Cyclopædia,' 'Biographical Dictionary,' and 'Roman Antiquities.' He was at that time the most qualified man in England to save our literature from continuing, through absolute ignorance, to ignore art and its history in such publications.

This habit of writing led him to address Sir C. Eastlake on the insufficiency of the catalogue of the National Gallery, and also to publish 'The Epochs of Painting,' which admirable work became, in a new enlarged edition, the text-book for the Oxford examinations, and got him the appointment of Lecturer to Schools of Design as then existing. This lectureship he continued six or seven years, till the establishment of the Department of Science and Art, during which time he delivered about 700 lectures. The establishment of the new system destroyed his hopes of succeeding as Director of the Schools of Design, and in 1855 he accepted the appointment of Secretary and Keeper of the National Gallery, which office he continued to hold till his death.

Mr. Wornum was an omnivorous reader, having the command of eight languages, including his native tongue. His last literary work was of a kind new to him, being an enquiry into the influence of the apostle Paul on the formation of Christianity. His 'Life of Holbein' will keep a high place in art literature; also his 'Analysis of Ornament.' His death was caused by a complication of disease, which is described medically as hemiplegia and emphysema, hastened by bronchitis. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, on Thursday, the 20th. It is with great regret that we hear that, partly owing to the failure some years ago of one of the companies in which he was insured, Mr. Wornum had been able to make but a slender provision for the large family which he leaves behind him.

VARIORUM NOTES.

It is reported, a second time, that Osman Pasha has committed suicide. The heroic spirit which survived the hunger and hardship of beleaguered Plevna, which endured scornful and unscathed the galling adulation and intolerable commiseration of magnanimous Muscovites, has at last succumbed. A copy of the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday was brought to him to while away his hours of solitude, and it was too much for him. He felt that he ought to have died, and so, regardless of the precepts of the Prophet, and confident of forgiveness, the hero made himself a sacrifice to sustain the unstained veracity of the largest circulation in the world.

Numbers of the Turkish prisoners have died of the cold on their way to Tiflis, where the winter is as abnormally severe as it is mild in the North of Europe.

M. François Coppée has just published a poem, entitled "La Tête de la Sultane," founded on a well-known story told by Gibbon, among others. The story is that of a Sultan whose troops grew mutinous because they believed that, enslaved by the love of a beautiful Sultana, he was neglecting his empire and the arts of war, and who, to prove his superiority to mere love for the woman, had her head cut off, and flung it among the troops. M. Coppée tells the story poetically and picturesquely of course, but with the regulation French strength of contrast between the voluptuous beauty and softness of one scene and the furious soldiers and blood-dripping head of the other. It is a pity that M. Coppée should waste his talents on such horribly repulsive subjects.

The recent case of Mr. Herbert, R.A., and his confiscation of the picture which bore his name, but which, after due deliberation, he decided was not his work, raises the curious question whether a manufacturer of any kind has the right to take possession of anything assumed to be his workmanship and brought to him for verification. It is, of course, highly annoying to an artist to find inferior works palmed off as his; but if all the distinguished painters in London were to lay violent hands on the works which bear their signature, but are not their work, they would soon possess a curious collection of works of art.

We hear that a new process of manufacturing Prussian blue, for the use of paper stainers, calico printers, and colour mixers, has been discovered by Mr. Owen Ross, C.E., of the St. George's Works, Peckham (author of 'Air and Fuel,' &c.) It is believed that the considerable advantage gained by the new process in cost of preparation will enable consumers to procure Prussian blue at a rate hitherto impossible. Mr. Ross has been reading some papers of great interest in connexion with this subject at the Institute of Civil Engineers.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* publishes an article on Cervantes from the pen of the late Prosper Mérimée. This article was written some time since as a preface to a new translation of 'Don Quixote,' which is shortly to appear.

Mr. Theodore Tilton has visited England lately, and has been in London, but has studiously avoided meeting anyone, and has succeeded in remaining enveloped in impenetrable mystery, in spite of the determined efforts of many American friends resident in London to discover his whereabouts. His success in thus hiding himself is all the more curious when it is considered how remarkable Mr. Tilton's appearance is. He is, or was, one of the handsomest men in New York, and his tall form and youthful face, surmounted by masses of fair hair, made him a striking figure in New York streets and drawing-rooms. No one who had ever seen Mr. Tilton could easily fail to recognise him again. Perhaps his old friend Mrs. Victoria Woodhull might be able to offer some assistance.

Captain J. Wilkinson, of the late Confederate States Navy, has written an interesting book, entitled 'The Narrative of a Blockade Runner' (New York: Sheldon and Co.), which will be of value to all who wish to know something of the American Civil War from a Southern point of view which is neither bumptiousness nor braggadocio.

Mr. Pellegrini's portrait of Mr. Whistler, which figures so prominently in *The Grasshopper*, was painted on one of Whistler's canvasses, with one of Whistler's brushes, so it certainly should be deeply impressed with the inspiration of the master of black and white.

A propos of Mr. Whistler, what does a writer in the *Whitehall Review* mean, in speaking of the first night of *The Grasshopper*, and mentioning that Mr. Whistler was there, looking "profusely improper." He must have a bold heart who writes thus about Mr. Whistler after the Ruskin affair.

That portion of the South Kensington Museum which was lately occupied by the Caxton Exhibition—the walls in the western side—is now given up to water-colour sketches, 500 in number, illustrating life in various Asiatic and American countries, including Java, Japan, and California. The artist is Miss Marianne North, who is, it may be mentioned, related to Lady Kaye Shuttleworth.

M. de Lesseps recently gave a lecture in Paris on Ancient Egypt, and recounted the story of the Khedive's making the acquaintance of Mariette Bey. A distinguished personage was about to visit Egypt, and the Khedive was rather at a loss to know whom to assign to him as guide through Egypt. M. de Lesseps proposed Mariette Bey, and told the Khedive that the distinguished personage could not be more gratified than by discovering some antiquity himself. Mariette Bey would easily be able to discover one first, re-inter it secretly, and manage so that the distinguished visitor would find it himself. This was done, and the distinguished personage had the pleasure of "discovering" an important and entirely new monument. The victim of this little practical joke is said to be no other than the Crown Prince of Prussia.

A recruit, who would have delighted the heart of Frederick the Great, has just entered the Prussian Guards. He is over two mètres high, seventeen years of age, and well built. The young giant's name is Straub. He is a native of Cleve—a town rather noted for its tall men.

The students of the Pesth University have opened a subscription list to present Osman Pasha with a silver laurel wreath, bearing the inscription:—"From the *true* Hungarians to the hero of Plevna, Osman Nuri Pasha."

On December 22 it will be just 200 years since Stettin fell into the hands of the Prussians. The anniversary is to be celebrated as municipal celebrations generally are.

An hotel-keeper in Kentucky advertises that he boards and lodges newly-married couples at half-prices. He seems to have found out that such people mostly live on love, and do not cost much to keep.

Lord Stanley has already shown himself, through the medium of Hakluyt Society, much interested in the literature of Spain and Portugal. He is about to make another tour in Spain, and further contributions to our knowledge may be expected from him.

The mania for "flats," exemplified in Queen Anne's Mansions and less aristocratic piles, is about to spread to a district where the gratification of it can hardly be looked upon with equanimity by admirers of beauty. We learn that a company has been formed for erecting a huge block of "flats" on the land which the Exhibition Commissioners of 1851 feel compelled to turn to the most profitable account after the losses sustained through the Horticultural Society's Gardens. This is almost the best site south of Hyde Park. What will South Kensington and the admirers of the Albert Memorial say?

There is every reason to believe that the Government have decided on the report of their committee as to the site for the new Government offices, and have fixed against Charing Cross, and for Great George Street. A Bill will be introduced into Parliament next Session giving the Office of Works power to acquire the necessary land. It is, no doubt, correctly inferred from this that the negotiations for erecting the Colonial Museum near the Colonial Office have come to nothing.

Das Ausland, the German geographical magazine, published by Cotta of Stuttgart, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence at the close of this year. A special "Jubilee Number" will be issued in commemoration of the event.

Miss Emily Faithfull's weekly paper, *The West London Express*, has proved such a success that she has been obliged to introduce steam machinery into her office, and to increase her staff of women compositors. Miss Faithfull promises some new features in the *Victoria Magazine* during the ensuing year. In the January number a series of portraits of eminent women will be commenced, accompanied by biographical sketches.

Captain Parker Gillmore ("Ubique") has in the press a new work, entitled 'The Great Thirst Land,' containing an account of a ride through Natal, Orange Free States, Transvaal, and Kalahari, which will be published early in the new year by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Anstie, Dr.—On the Uses of Wines in Health and Disease. (Crown 8vo, pp. 74.) Macmillan and Co.

Aristophanis Ranæ.—Edited by F. A. Paley, M.A. (Small 8vo, pp. 136.) G. Bell and Sons.

Baddeley, W.—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Other Poems. (Crown 8vo, pp. 141.) Hardwicke and Bogue. 6*s*.

Bell's Reading Books.—Grimm's Tales. (Small 8vo.) G. Bell and Sons. 1*s*.

Blackie, Professor J. S.—The Natural History of Atheism. (Crown 8vo, pp. 247.) Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Boyle, Frederick.—The Narrative of an Expelled Correspondent. (Demy 8vo, pp. 424.) R. Bentley and Son.

Brahmo Year-Book for 1877. (Demy 8vo, pp. 36.) Williams and Norgate.

Brown, Walter.—Tales, Poetry, and Fairy Tales. (Square crown 8vo.) W. Brown.

Cazalet, Edward.—The Eastern Question. (Demy 8vo, pp. 42.) E. Stanford. 1*s*.

Channon, J. M.—A Book of Episodes. (Fcp. 8vo.) Dean and Son.

Corbet, John Dryden.—Poems. Vol. II. (Crown 8vo, pp. 273.) Provost and Co.

Coutts, John.—Philosophy of the Seven Principles. (Crown 8vo, pp. 325.) F. Pitman. 4*s*.

Daily News Correspondence of the War between Russia and Turkey. (Crown 8vo, pp. 627.) Macmillan and Co. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Desart, Earl of.—Children of Nature. In 2 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Tinsley Brothers. 21*s*. 6*d*.

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Low, Charles Rathbone.—History of the Indian Navy. In 2 vols. (Demy 8vo, pp. 541, 596.) R. Bentley and Son. 36*s*.

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6 Egg do.	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	11	0	0	12	0
1 Gravy do.	0	6	0	0	7	6	0	9	6	0	10	6
1 Soup Ladle	0	9	6	0	13	0	0	15	0	0	16	6
1 Fish Knife	0	11	0	0	13	0	0	15	6	0	16	6
1 Butter Knife	0	2	6	0	3	6	0	5	0	0	5	0
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